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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

More or Less Trade

★ The Aqaba crisis, among other things, probably stalls better trade relations with Russia. It comes just when Congress seemed to be mellowing. Ratification of the consular treaty got through the Senate in spite of far right letters – the biggest barrage in years. It was a triumph for liberal Sen. Thruston Morton (R, Ky.) over Senator Dirksen, and it surprised many.

The next big test was to have been over the Fiat deal (TRB, May 27). With Administration support, the Export-Import bank wants to advance $50 million in long-term credits to Russia with which the latter will turn around and buy tools and machinery from Detroit. These will go into a new auto plant on the Volga. If we don't advance dollar credits Russia will buy the machinery somewhere else, for the Fiat plant will be built anyway. We can spite Russia but we can't stop the plant.

A lot of people think it's useful to have the Russians rolling around in little Fiats. The more consumer goods they get, the reasoning runs, the less militant the Marxist state will be. In other words, we should be trying to increase trade (which is Johnson's position) instead of trying to isolate Russia economically, a policy that hasn't worked. But all bets are off with Aqaba.

Incidentally, an old-fashioned tariff battle is quietly shaping up here. To the surprise of nearly everybody the Geneva negotiations on the so-called "Kennedy Round" were a success. The biggest tariff cuts in history lie ahead. US imports to the value of $8 billion are involved, and the same amount of US exports. The average tariff cuts in industrial products is 33-35 percent.

Final terms aren't available yet but should be formulated in Geneva by June 23. They'll be the size of the New York telephone book. You can imagine that every trade representative and lobbyist in Washington has been alerted. They will go into action when the time comes. The chemical industry is particularly incensed and congressional approval may be hard to get.

We are all going to learn about a lot of dull things – like ASP. The Administration has promised to drop ASP and wow, is the chemistry industry mad! It's the system of assessing chemical import duties on the American Selling Price rather than on the price of the country of manufacture, which is usually a lot lower.

A couple of major long-run problems lie ahead: whether, and how soon, to give communist countries the benefit of most-favored-nation agreements, and, second, how to finance this huge new volume of trade. World trade ought to zoom with tariffs cut so drastically but there just isn't enough gold. Gold is supposed to be the medium for settling all these accounts. But trade is expanding far faster than gold is mined; that's why the dollar and pound have been used as a substitute international exchange medium. The system isn't satisfactory to anybody; either there is going to be a big crisis in a few years or some more acceptable international exchange system will have to be found. Geneva means there is less time.

Financing Campaigns

★ Nearly everybody now feels that it would be a good idea to help finance presidential campaigns from public funds. The problem is how to do it. Last year Congress adopted the silly plan of Russell Long to earmark $1 from each individual income tax for the purpose. After a six-week struggle this plan has been shelved. Now Mr. Johnson offers a new plan which the Senate Finance Committee is currently considering.

Congress would vote an unspecified sum every four years. (For illustration, Mr. Johnson mentions $40 million. This would be divided equally between two "major" parties (a nice thing for the Democrats who usually raise less). The money would not cover primaries. It would not cover state candidates. It would not cover any expense except travel and publicity.

A package of reforms goes with this central proposal, mostly to tighten the obsolete corrupt practices act "which is more loophole than law," and also to help five-to-eight million people vote who are normally disenfranchised because they have moved to a new state and can't register in time under archaic state laws.

So far so good. But the system would probably bring vast centralization to the present loose American party structure. And it would handicap third parties which have an honorable tradition in US politics. A "major" party is defined as one that got 25 percent of the vote in the previous election; a "minor," as one that attracts five percent of the vote in the current election. (It would get its subsidy afterwards, if it jumped the five-percent hurdle, proportioned per capita to the size of support.)

Congress hates the idea of subsidizing George Wallace, or a Peace Party. Under the proposed plan a minor party would compete with rivals that knew in advance that they would get a federal subsidy, and just how much; it would get no subsidy at all if it polled only 4.99 percent of the vote, and it would have no advance credit to pledge at the bank. How big a hurdle is five percent? Well, in 1948 Thurmond got 2.7 percent; Henry Wallace 2.3 percent. In numbers it would mean pulling about four million in a prospective electorate of 80 million, a very difficult task indeed.

★ *Notes:* The House has passed a bill to end congressional district gerrymandering, but with an escape clause to 1972; the Senate may tighten it up. . . . Sen. Lee Metcalf (D, Mont.) says he may be tempted to bolt to a Republican if the latter promises to withdraw from Vietnam. . . . A poll reports that two-thirds now think the Kennedy slaying was a conspiracy of more than one man. . . . And in *Famine, 1972,* William and Paul Paddock predict starvation ahead and urge the US to decide which countries can be saved, based on willingness to use birth control and initiate agricultural reform.

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Rockefeller in '68?

Quite a few Democrats who despair of Mr. Johnson's policies in Vietnam are saying that, given the chance, they would vote for Nelson Rockefeller in '68. They point out that Mr. Rockefeller has been a moderately good governor of New York, that as Republicans go, he is a progressive and has a real sense of public responsibility. Nor is he "just a politician." His opposition in 1964 to Barry Goldwater may not have damaged him with the voters of New York State, but his stand was nonetheless admirable. Backed by the massive resources of the Rockefeller family (which Theodore White estimated in 1960 at between three- and six-billion dollars), Rockefeller has researched nearly every major public problem and has come forward with innovative proposals. The Goldwater faction being what it is within the GOP, Rockefeller may not get the nomination, but if he did he would have a better chance than most of beating LBJ. So why not Nelson?

It is far too soon to say. For one thing, Governor Rockefeller has not been very talkative the last several years on foreign affairs. What he has said, however, suggests caution pending clarification.

In 1965 at the governors' conference, Mr. Rockefeller praised Lyndon Johnson's "tremendous courage and tremendous capacity for decisive action" in handling the situation in Vietnam: "I support him." (Mark Hatfield, Robert Smylie and William Scranton thought Mr. Rockefeller had gone too far.) The following day, July 27, Rockefeller told the press that the President deserved the "support and backing of all the people" in his Vietnam policy, and that the Administration had done all it possibly could through the United Nations. In February last year, Rockefeller again called for bipartisan support of the President on Vietnam and said that any talk of Republicans "capitalizing" on Administration mistakes was wrong. "I don't really think," he later said, "this is the time for politics." When the President was in Guam, it was Mr. Rockefeller, again at a meeting of governors, who seconded the toast for the President's success: "We go a lot further than his own party." Mr. Johnson, he added, "deserves our support and the support of the people and the country." And as late as last March 22, Rockefeller was endorsing what is being done in Vietnam "as a matter of both patriotism and practicality." *The New York Times* reported that Mr. Rockefeller had told Senator Javits that he considered the Senator's slightly dovish views "very impractical politics."

If it is the man determined to make peace the opponents of Lyndon Johnson are seeking, there is something less than comfort in earlier

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Rockefeller pronouncements. He attacked the Kennedy Administration in the fall of 1963 for its "indecisiveness at the Bay of Pigs . . . and at the time of the construction of the Berlin wall." He said that the "West is bewildered and in many allied countries leftist tendencies with neutralist overtones are gaining ground," and that the Kennedy policy toward the Russians "jeopardizes the peace and demoralizes our allies." He charged that the Administration had "sacrificed a pro-Western government [in Laos] to one of those illusory coalitions which almost invariably have been a prelude to communist takeover." The President, he said, "threatened to take stronger steps in Laos if the communist offensive did not stop. Yet he failed to fulfill his promise when the communist advance continued." He accused Kennedy of standing "idly by while the wall was being built in Berlin" without suggesting, however, what response he would have preferred.

In 1961, Mr. Rockefeller expressed his profound misgivings about any nuclear test ban treaty with the Soviet Union: "To sign any test ban at this time could place in jeopardy both our national safety and the defense of freedom throughout the world." Is there not a real danger, he asked, "of a test ban being exploited by the Soviet Union to achieve all the opportunities for cheating that could be derived from an unexpected moratorium?" He demanded a full-scale resumption of US testing. He also recommended the faster development of antimissile weapons.

During the Republican convention of 1960, the platform was stalled after Rockefeller insisted on a tougher defense statement and a plank that would arouse America to the cold war danger; the original draft, to which he objected, reflected the somewhat milder outlook of Vice President Nixon. He was doubtless moved by earnest concern for the nation's safety, but it was all in the spirit of the politician who had, months before, lauded the American Legion's "unremitting vigilance against atheistic communism."

Men change. These references do not do full justice to Rockefeller's whole outlook. We call attention to them now in the hope that he will, during the next several months, update and clarify his position, especially his notion of America's future role in Southeast Asia. Democrats and independents impatient for change may then choose more knowingly.

The injury that has been done to Americans and Vietnamese by this war is beyond calculation. It is so huge in its ugliness that it dwarfs the intended splendors of the Great Society. If by next summer a way to peace has not been found – and not the peace of the graveyard – a change in Commander-in-Chief will be the first order of business. Nelson Rockefeller may prove to be the man. For the time being, however, he is entitled only to a suspended judgment.

Fulbright's Prospects

Conway, Arkansas

Maj. Gen. Sidney S. McMath, US Marine Corps Reserve and former two-time governor of Arkansas, sets up two tripods, waves a glistening steel pointer at two huge maps of the Pacific and Southeast Asia and tells the spellbound Kiwanians: "South Vietnam is a test case of the war of national liberation, and if Mao can make it work in South Vietnam, he can make it work in Indonesia, in South America, in the rest of Asia. . . ." He draws heavily from his own World War II experience as a battlefield-promoted Marine officer in the area – the Solomons, Guadalcanal, Bougainville – to stress his conviction that, contrary to Fulbright's view, the US has a tremendous self-interest to preserve in that part of the world: "If we give the people on the ground the kind of support our troops in other wars have gotten we'll wind up that war successfully."

Since his return from a reserve tour in Vietnam, McMath has given this speech more than 100 times, in every corner of Arkansas. He seldom mentions Fulbright directly, but the target is clear. Driving back from Conway to Little Rock, where he has a successful law practice, McMath volunteers that it is because the people of Arkansas "have been getting too much of only one side" as a result of Fulbright's prominence that he is speaking out. Some in Arkansas see the issue as a way for the ex-wonder boy (elected governor in 1948 at age 35) to put himself back on the map. He has run three times since for statewide office and lost.

Republican Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller says he expects his party to run somebody against Fulbright, but he concedes a GOP victory is a long shot. Far from Fulbright's opposition to Johnson hurting the senator, Rockefeller believes, "he may have gained strength by standing up to him." Most observers agree that if the incumbent is to be beaten, it will have to be done, as always in Arkansas, in the Democratic primary. And the only man most Democrats think has any chance of doing it is not McMath, but former Gov. Orval E. Faubus, a six-time winner.

Faubus, too, is a hawk on Vietnam: "I don't think there's a question in the world that Fulbright's statements encourage the enemy." But unlike McMath, Faubus admits to no burning compulsion to unseat Fulbright. At 57, settled into his palatial "poor house" in Huntsville, Ark., (built with "gifts from friends of mine") and tinkering with three weekly newspapers he owns, Faubus adopts a come-and-get-me attitude. Although Faubus, in the words of one Conway Kiwanian, remains the choice "of the boys who drive the pick-up trucks and there are more of them than of us," he may have to wait a long time for the moneyed men of

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Arkansas to come and get him. All three Democrats – Fulbright, McMath and Faubus – share the same financial friends, and the betting is that few are likely to turn away from Fulbright toward either of the other two.

The consensus seems to be that if Fulbright were just another senator in another state, his time would be up, but since he is not, he may win. Rockefeller, Faubus and McMath all acknowledge that Fulbright, as chairman of the prestigious Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has become a kind of national resource and reflects glory on his state. The most influential newspaper, the statewide *Arkansas Gazette*, has generally supported him. In the view of one Little Rock editor, Fulbright over the years has struck an unspoken deal with the Arkansas electorate that is paying off for him now. "He accommodates his constituents very well in a number of areas he considers to be their interest," this editor says, "and they accommodate him in the area of his interest – foreign policy. He signed the 1956 Southern Manifesto, for instance, but he helped water it down from what it was originally." Another observer says: "Bill is not a common man but he's not a bad politician. Every time he's coming up for reelection, he's here the fall before, beating the bushes from one end of the state to the other. After this session is over, he will again."

In the meantime, Maj. Gen. McMath will be doing plenty of bush-beating himself. As an old friend of Fulbright's, he is reluctant to make it a personal fight. But he is managing to get the point across that his old friend has erred and has to go.

Jules Witcover

The Hoffa Taint

Until *Life* magazine's disclosure of the relationship between James Hoffa's legal battles and Sen. Edward V. Long's campaign against federal wiretapping, the political capital of the portly senator from Missouri seemed almost as sizable as his personal wealth. Not now.

Republicans in Missouri are jubilant. Suspicion created by the article has given them the one big break they consider necessary. Their most promising candidate, Rep. Thomas Curtis, has often toyed with the idea of taking on Long. "I am seriously thinking of seeking a seat in the United States Senate," he says, "but I will not decide until I am assured of united Republican support and a reasonably good chance of winning." Curtis is a moderately conservative congressman from Webster Groves who represents the affluent southwest suburbs of St. Louis. He has the air of a tough-minded pragmatist who is not against progress but thinks most programs could be better managed locally. A glowing editorial in *The Washington Post* endorsing him for reelection was used to attract liberals in Curtis' last campaign. His nomination to oppose Long seems certain.

The Democrats, especially those associated with the administration of Gov. Warren E. Hearnes, have begun looking for someone who could beat Long in a primary race. Although the governor and the senator are not enemies, they represent opposing factions in the state. Hearnes gained control of the party apparatus in 1964 when he beat the old-line Establishment candidate in the primary. Long was chosen by the Establishment – that curious coalition of big bankers, big labor and statehouse politicians, who ruled for 20 years under the aegis of the Central Missouri Bank and Trust Co. of Jefferson City, by controlling the distribution of government funds in bank deposits across Missouri. Hearnes, an astute politician, is backed by younger and more aggressive Democrats. Like most Democratic governors who will be on the ballot in 1968, he is leary of being tied to Johnson. He has even suggested that Democrats might do well to look for another presidential candidate.

Hearnes would be the best candidate to oppose Long. Coming from hillbilly southern Missouri, he has surprised even his critics by pushing for reforms in education, penal institutions and urban affairs. But he insists that he does not want to be senator, at least not until he has seen his state programs through. He is likely to give the nod to his close friend and political ally, Lt. Gov. Thomas F. Eagleton. Handsome, articulate, popular, Eagleton at 37 has already held public office for a decade, first as circuit attorney in St. Louis and then as attorney general. He won the lieutenant governor's race in 1964 by a 521,642 margin. He has been Hearnes' right-hand man. "Hearnes won't openly back Eagleton in a primary race," a politician in Jefferson City says, "that wouldn't be right with Long still in office and all, but he won't do anything to stop him either."

If Long is to survive he must show that the $48,000 in fees he received from Teamster counsel Morris Shenker were fairly earned and unrelated to Jimmy Hoffa's efforts to stay out of prison. People are skeptical that Long performed legal work justifying a monthly retainer of $2,000 for two years: "The *Life* reporters said he told them he had not been active as an attorney since the mid-fifties," one Missourian is quoted as saying, "but $24,000 a year is a lot of pay for someone who is not even practicing."

Long and Shenker say that to divulge the nature of their cases would be a violation of the lawyer-lawyer and lawyer-client relationship. Still, Long *is* considering giving the information to the Senate Ethics Committee, as has been suggested by some newspapers here, and seconded by Lt. Gov. Eagleton. "My problem," Long says, "is whether telling the committee would be a violation of professional ethics."

Dana L. Spitzer

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Negro Self-Help

The corporation is owned by poor Mississippi Negroes. A large number of its employees are illiterate, "unskilled," "untrainable." Its executive director is paid $20 per week. The prospectus would hardly tempt the Wall Street investor. Yet the Poor People's Corporation of Jackson, Mississippi, is a growing business. It aims to make as many Mississippi Negroes as possible independent of the white-controlled economy, on the theory that the Southern Negro won't win political power until he has greater economic power.

Thousands of Mississippi Negroes have been thrown out of work in the past seven years by the mechanization of cotton picking. Many others have lost jobs because they registered to vote, or because they entered lawfully desegregated "white" motels or restaurants. Economic reprisals were especially apparent during the voter registration drives of 1965.

Jesse Morris, then 25, a Florida-born Negro with a degree in economics from UCLA, organized the Poor People's Corporation in August 1965. The PPC has since set up 15 cooperatives in Mississippi, employing just under 200 people (all shareholders) and training an additional 200 in various skills. Some 1,000 Negro Mississippians pay 25 cents a year to belong to the PPC and take part in making its decisions. It started with an investment of under $20,000, less than the salary of one high-priced government poverty official. All of the corporation's funds have come from private, individual sources; it has not yet gained tax exemption.

Each PPC cooperative is run by a manager selected from among its workers. Each keeps it own books and selects the products it wants to produce. Co-op members also decide how much they will pay themselves each week. Some workers earned as little as $5 a week when they began, but now the average wage is $23 a week. This compares favorably with the $12-15 a week a great many Negroes are normally paid in Mississippi, when they can get work. The McComb Leather Cooperative has distributed as much as $50 to each of its members in some weeks. The PPC has also shown that illiterates can be trained, and that 40-50-year-old people can acquire new and useful skills. The majority of persons now working in the co-ops cannot read or write. The PPC provides each co-op with financial, technical and marketing assistance. Handbags, hats, dresses, quilts, dolls, candles and other items the co-ops produce are marketed through "Liberty House" in Jackson. Liberty House is a marketing cooperative owned and controlled by the producing co-ops. It has franchised other Liberty Houses in New York, Detroit, Amherst, Mass., Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Madison, Wisconsin, and others are scheduled for Chicago, Cambridge, Mass., and Berkeley. A large mail order volume flows through Liberty House, PO Box 3193 in Jackson.

Through its marketing operation the PPC will soon be selling the products of white craftsmen from North Carolina and Puerto Rican seamstresses from New York. There are plans to bring some of the Carolina craftsmen to Mississippi for an exchange of information about skills, and techniques of organization. There is talk of a federation between PPC and other cooperative organizations in the South. Some staff members speak hopefully of a "network of poor communities." The PPC plans to establish a statewide training center in Jackson to increase the pool of skilled workers for its co-ops.

The PPC staff (six underpaid former civil rights workers) is putting forward some interesting ideas. Executive Director Morris suggests that in the future, the validity of an economic venture need not necessarily be determined by how much profit it will produce, but rather by how many jobs it will provide. He notes that the PPC, had it been operating under normal business procedures, might have closed down its less profitable co-ops and consolidated its more successful ones, but that would have been negating its aims. "We have proven that people want to work," Morris says. "Our people [the PPC workers] have developed fantastic work habits. We must accept the fact that people want to work and find jobs for them." The PPC opposes welfare payments and the guaranteed annual wage. "The guaranteed annual wage will be used to shut up the poor people," said Abbie Hoffman, a Liberty House coordinator. At a recent PPC membership meeting it was decided that only registered voters could work in the co-ops. Some groups have set up eye examination plans and Blue Cross coverage for themselves. A co-op in West Point, Mississippi, has put up a cinder-block building to house its factory; on weekends, the building becomes a social center. The co-op has become the concern of the entire Negro community.

Art Goldberg

NEXT WEEK: *What has Garrison got?—report from New Orleans by Fred Powledge*

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The Hippie Business

It's hardly possible to be different in America without everybody wanting to be just like you. Show that you're alienated by wearing a tulip in your ear, and before you can say hippie *everyone* is doing it. This year's *outré* becomes next year's consumer item and you are right back in the bourgeois bag where you started. Paisley lamp shades, psychedelic posters, obscene buttons, the artifacts of the outsider, are within everybody's reach. One must be extremely estranged to avoid being engulfed by the loving middle class.

Between 20,000 and 200,000 hippies – real and ersatz – are expected to invade San Francisco when school is out. A new popular song, recorded by a pied piper named Scott McKenzie, urges them to come to San Francisco with flowers in their hair. The hit record may do more for tourism in California than the Chamber of Commerce ever could – an unwelcome kind of tourism perhaps since hippies eschew money and don't have much to spend. The National Student Association, formerly the NSA-CIA, is planning with some churches in the Bay area to run a tent city. It should be quite a scene, like Expo 67.

Those who are profiting from the loving hippies are not the traditional entrepreneurs. Randolfe Wicker, whose Underground Uplift Unlimited does the biggest button business in New York, has many other interests. In addition to selling buttons, wholesale and retail, he has been an officer of LeMar (legalize marijuana) and the homophile Mattachine Society; he's published two girlie magazines (under another name) and is active in groups supporting legalized abortion. He is not only getting rich selling buttons at 25 cents apiece (200,000 a month of such titles as "Love Is a Many Gendered Thing"; "Burn Pot Not People"), he's sincere.

Barbara Johnson of New York sells bumper stickers and sweatshirts on which she hand prints slogans with a silk screen. Mrs. Johnson lives in a big house with her family, another couple and a single man – "a communal type thing going under the name of 'New World's Eve Group'." By selling stickers and sweatshirts (sample phrase: "Make Love Not War"), she says, "our hope is to eventually become self-supporting so we can 'turn on, tune in and drop out'." She says she has sold about 500 bumper stickers since January and 200 sweatshirts, and has recently gone into the psychedelic poster business. Mrs. Johnson sells exclusively through mail orders stimulated by ads in *The Fifth Estate, Berkeley Barb, East Village Other, The Paper, The Progressive* and *The New Republic*. "I advertise the 'Make Love Not War' items in *NR* and *Progressive* since I suspect liberals may be offended by drug slogans," she says, "but advertise the others in the underground press." She averages about $30 a week, but business is getting better all the time. "We hope that the posters are going to do the trick for us so we can devote full time to subverting the system. We're members of the Neo-American Church, by the way. My husband, Ronn, who is also a painter [psychedelic art] is the Boo Hoo of Long Island, which means our home is a church, sort of."

Mrs. Johnson, who comes on uninhibited, was offended when the Long Island newspaper *Suffolk Sun* ran a story on her under the headline "Bayport Mother Finds Profit in Protest of Vietnam War." The protest part didn't bother her, nor the profit part; it was the mother part. "It slays me. I mean I *am* but it looks so funny in print." The newspaper also made the mistake of calling her soft-spoken, which she says she isn't. "The reporter deliberately toned this down to protect us from frothing right wingers who abound in the Bayport area."

Society seems fascinated by the hippies, but isn't quite sure it approves of all the things they do, like blowing grass, and making love, and thumbing their noses at society. Hippie artifacts that have been appropriated often have to be cleaned up a bit for mass consumption. Merchants who have flouted convention have had trouble with the cops and the censors, thus turning a frivolous enterprise into cases for the ACLU.

Mark Sloane, who operates The Big Store at 112 MacDougal Street in New York's Greenwich Village, was visited by the police who bought out all his "Lay Don't Slay"; "Pot, Peace, Pussy, Perversion" and other shocking buttons. A school principal in Matawan, New Jersey, it seems, saw one of his students wearing a button and complained to The Big Store where the boy had purchased it. Mr. Sloane told the principal he would be glad to put up a sign in his window saying he wouldn't sell *that* button anymore to anyone from Matawan, which didn't satisfy the principal. He called the cops and brought a complaint charging Sloane with offending public decency. The American Civil Liberties Union is trying to get the case thrown out of court on the grounds that the statute is vague (what's public decency? and how was it violated?) and on First Amendment grounds.

Sloane says he sells between 150,000 and 200,000 buttons a month at home and abroad. He does a lot of business in Sweden, France and Italy. He carries about 250 different slogans and gives away buttons to people who suggest good new ones. There is a great demand for buttons insulting to President Johnson, according to Sloane, and Washington customers have been taken with "J. Edgar Hoover Sleeps with a Night Light." On the literary side, "Release Oscar Wilde" is popular, as is "Marcel Proust is a *Yenta*." Other best sellers include: "Would You Feel Safer with George Hamilton in the

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Army?" "Jesus Wore Long Hair," "Draft Cardinal Spellman," "God Is Alive and Well in Mexico City," and "Be Kind to Communists, They're Misdirected but Mean Well." Sloane collects stories about button incidents around the country:

► A Los Angeles high school outlawed buttons until a clever kid appeared wearing one reading "God Bless America." Not wanting to penalize patriotism, the school lifted its ban.

► The late Walt Disney got an injunction, Sloane says, against the perpetrator of "Mary Poppins is a Junkie" bumper stickers. The creator of the sticker answered with new stickers reading "Mary Poppins is *not* a Junkie." Again Disney threatened suit, but according to Sloane, was put off by his attorneys who warned that the slogan would only take on a new permutation, perhaps "Mary Poppins is not now and has never been a Junkie."

► Since many buttons, sweatshirts, bumper stickers, underground papers, and other products for the psychedelic playgroup and their admirers are obscene they are not often referred to explicitly in the press. "Lay Don't Slay" was once referred to as "an amorous alternative to war." *The New York Times* sent a reporter to the "obscenity" trial of Ed Sanders, a member of the singing group, the Fugs, and publisher of a magazine with a title not fit to print. The "obscenity" charge was thrown out of court, but the *Times* didn't run a story. Sloane says they didn't want to refer to the magazine by name, but felt silly printing a story without it.

► A Washington, D.C. bookstore placed an ad for its buttons in *The Washington Post*. But the paper refused to run a picture showing some of the buttons. In the white space where the buttons should have been, the store inserted a tiny paragraph castigating the *Post* for its censorship. The paper ran it in one edition inadvertently, then discovered it and dropped the ad.

DAVID SANFORD

Report from Israel

Tel Aviv

Charles Collingwood accuses the Israelis of failing to cooperate with CBS. They apparently refused to let their camouflaged centurian tank positions be filmed. (The Israelis suspect that Nasser sometimes watches television.) The Tel Aviv Hilton is treating war threats with puzzled gravity, lest its power be cut off. An oil wick lantern hangs in every wide, soft-carpeted corridor, and each large marble bathroom has one emergency candle, its base tastefully wrapped in silver paper. Meanwhile, however, the Hilton blazes nightly with electricity like a giant roman candle on the Mediterranean shore. The Israelis are probably too busy to give such trifles even a passing thought, but one thing is ironically sure: The universal greeting *Shalom* (peace) has become a dubious word, not yet dirty but smelling of finagling.

Omar, a pro-government newspaper, asks more in sorrow than anger, "Why do not the Western powers [read Americans] act as resolutely in repelling acts of Arab aggression as Russia displays in supporting the Arabs and threatening Israel?" The Israelis' sense of gross betrayal is directed squarely at U Thant, whose pull out of UN forces foreign minister Abba Eban calls a "massive historic and irrational failure." But the Israelis will soon get around to saying this about the US if freedom of passage in the Gulf of Aqaba to Eilat is not quickly upheld by Johnson – by deeds, not words.

The way the world has been brought again to the brink of war, or Munich, is more complicated than *Omar* and other Israeli opinion supposes. Until very recently, the Arab countries that have now rallied to Nasser were denouncing him. Much against Nasser's wishes, Iraq was striving for better understanding with Turkey and Iran. Hussein of Jordan was unsuccessfully withstanding Nasser, for whom Bourguiba of Tunisia did not seem to care a fig. Meanwhile, Feisal of Saudi Arabia was actually fighting off Nasser in Yemen and was busily planning to dissolve Nasser's influence in a world conclave of Moslem states that would far transcend Nasser's limited Arab world.

For those woes, Nasser blamed not his own imperiousness, but "American imperialism" and, more specifically, the Central Intelligence Agency. With Soviet blessing, he sought to weld the more revolutionary Arab countries – Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Yemen and Algeria – into a united force he hoped could silence or undermine the more conservative Arab countries and ultimately drive America from the Middle East.

What happened to this plan was that Syria, with a regime barely a year old and much more revolutionary inclined than Nasser himself, simply snatched the reins and galloped. Syria launched against Israel the most determined terrorist attacks that long-suffering country has ever sustained, and the smarting Israelis committed what in retrospect look like two major errors. Last November 13 they smashed Es Samu, a *Jordanian* village in a large-scale reprisal raid. The real terrorists were Syrians, not Jordanians, but Israel side-stepped Syria because on November 4 Nasser, despite his own serious differences with the Syrians, had pledged to

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regard any attack on Syria as an attack against Egypt, the same pledge he exchanged with Hussein last week. This April 7, however, the Israelis brought down on Jordanian territory three Syrian MIGs – attacking their position from the air. Then in hot pursuit they downed three MIGs in Syria and followed this successful air action by declaring that any more nonsense and they would march on Damascus.

Over a dozen changes of regime in Syria in about as many years have purged scores of army officers, yet have always left remnants of former regimes nursing resentment against the current one. Under its present, thoroughly proletarian leadership, the army of 65,000 is scarcely a disciplined fighting force. But Syria is very important to Russia. It flanks Turkey, and "the Russian border lies inside Syria" is an old Russian saying. Russia feels Syria must be nourished, nursed, protected. The Israeli air action and threat to Damascus may well have helped convince Moscow there was something in Nasser's talk about American imperialism; and the CIA being hard at work in the Middle East and Mediterranean (Greece presumably was regarded as no coincidence) may have moved Moscow to encourage Nasser in his May 17 Tiran Strait adventure against Israel.

Israel's third blunder was to start talking about admitting two million Jewish immigrants from Russia. This has made Russia suspicious of Israel and at the same time made the Arabs suspicious of, therefore, needing reassurance from, Russia. Israel continues its absolute refusal to entertain the prospect of Arab refugees returning.

So here we are. In the Gaza Strip, in Sinai and on the Jordan border, north, west and east, 400,000 conscript Arabs face 300,000 mobilized Israelis. In the Gulf of Aqaba and in the Mediterranean, Nasser has missile firing *Komar* ships, submarines and mines. Israel is ringed with Arab troops, tanks and planes; on all counts she is heavily outnumbered. To increase the disparity, Nasser is pulling his armor out of Yemen and into Sinai. He also has rockets. Tel Aviv is crowded, has no air raid shelters and is four minutes from Nasser's Soviet bombers, each with a two-ton payload, which is why Tel Aviv is digging trenches, filling sandbags and collecting blood in street bloodmobiles.

Gasoline trucks and troop trucks move along every narrow, winding Israeli road past tall cypresses and mimosa banks. Every city, village and *kibbutz* has been pumped dry of young men who, if the troop trucks don't come promptly enough hitchhike to the nearest camp. Their work places are taken by cheerful old men or old women. The young women are serving also, at the front or in the *kibbutzes*. The only young women who are left at home are very pregnant wives.

From Tel Aviv, I drove south past warily defended and very wild Ashdod. A brand new Mediterranean port, Ashdod did not even exist five years ago, but until mobilization it had a population of 30,000. I drove as far as the frontier posts that the UNEF so abruptly abandoned. Now Palestinians occupy the posts. Strung out across the desert dunes only scores of yards away, five Palestinians lethargically dug a trench, watched by an Egyptian officer. "They've been digging for a fortnight now," an Israeli lieutenant told me as I handed him back his binoculars. Their trench is still pretty small. A little farther along the frontier, at Nahal-Oz, a *kibbutz* religious worker wearing a dusty Kipah cap was helping soldiers put out a huge cornfield fire started, they said, by Egyptian mortars and machine guns that had fired on an Israeli jeep and wounded one man, not seriously. Acting under orders, the Israelis did not return the fire.

Mobilization is costing Israel $28 million daily, which does not include such damage as lost tourists. Only 17 other passengers boarded the normally jam-packed Swissair DC-8 on which I flew to Tel Aviv, and they were returning Israelis. The Tel Aviv Hilton's vast bulk secretes only foreign correspondents. The international airlines still fly in daily, but each evening they fly their planes out of Israel to Athens, returning at 5 a.m. for passengers. They will not spend the night on Israeli soil. Almost all industry has come to a halt, including building, so that innumerable half-constructed prefab apartment houses look as abandoned as UNEF's desert outposts. But somehow you do not feel they will ever be quartered by Egyptian soldiers.

Israel has "duality of courage" says Foreign Minister Eban, to strike fast or to hold fast. But the present Israeli government (which mounting public impatience might easily swap for one more belligerent) apparently does not propose to strike back before America, Britain and France have had a chance to act to uphold freedom of passage in the Gulf of Aqaba – for Israeli ships as well as their own and other ships. Nasser hopes to provoke Israel to strike first, and then have Russian backing against her. Russia may not wish to be caught in another Cuba-type situation, but is that not just what the Western nations fear for themselves? If so, they may decline to enter Nasser's alley to challenge his blockade or to play chicken with him. But, says Thomas C. Schelling, in an analysis of war situations written well before this crisis, if you are invited to play chicken and you refuse, then you have just played.

Whatever the West does, it seems very unlikely Israel will chicken out. From 1949 to 1956, the Gulf of Aqaba was closed to Israeli ships and so was the Suez Canal from 1951 to 1956. From 1956 to May 17 this year, the Gulf of Aqaba was open to Israeli ships through Israel's own efforts, but Suez remained closed to Israel. Israel will not tolerate renewed closing of the Gulf, partly because, as Eban says, "ten years'

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effort cannot be canceled in 10 minutes," but also and primarily because Israelis deeply believe that to submit to this would be the beginning of the end. For Nasser's blockade of Eilat is not just intended to halt or slow development of all southern Israel. It makes specific his denial that Israel exists. Israel will fight rather than submit, "alone if we must," says Eban. He called on Nasser to look on Israel's mobilization "with the eyes of memory." Near the Gaza Strip these words from Isaiah are inscribed in stone: "Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths." But will Nasser allow the prophecy to be fulfilled?

ALEX CAMPBELL

Who's to Be Born?

Abortion and the Laws of the States

by Robert Coles

Four months ago one of the mothers I know found out that she was pregnant. She has seven children. She has high blood pressure and diabetes. Her husband wants to work, but is himself sick and can't always find a job that lasts more than a few months. When he works his salary is low; when he doesn't there are various "supports" to fall back on – the church, the city, some private institutions. Whatever "help" he gets is meager.

I have gone to the home for two years – the children are white, and I want to know how they respond to the presence of Negro children who are bussed across town – but I never expected to hear what I did from the mother when she learned that her boys had told me the news: "Yes, it'll be another one we'll have in the fall. I went to the hospital and asked them to do something. I told them they had to, because I was sick, and this might kill me, I know it, but they said no. They said I'd live, and if I'll live that means they can't do anything, because of the law. And the doctor gave me a lecture and told me I should know better, anyway, being Catholic, and how could I dare ask for such a thing. So I said I was sorry but I have trouble with my heart, and we don't know from day to day, my husband and me, if we'll have money for the food and the rent and everything, and he's sick and so am I."

There was a lot more to the story. The doctor gave her hell and then she gave herself hell, but she could not escape the logic of her own experience – which she put this way: "I said to my husband the other day I'd go anywhere if the doctors could do something. I don't care what anyone says. Do I have to get a stroke and be on my deathbed before they help? I can't believe in this day and age we have to think like that, and make it so hard on someone like me and my family."

Recently the state of Colorado signaled its agreement with her, and North Carolina followed suit almost immediately. For the first time a number of American mothers will be permitted abortions not only to save their lives but to spare them the likelihood of bearing a deformed or defective child. Women who have been raped or become involved in an incestuous affair will also be allowed abortions as a right, and so will anyone who is found mentally ill and in danger of a grave psychiatric setback. It should be emphasized that the new laws are carefully wrought, designed to deal with very serious medical problems rather than the larger social one of birth control. In two states now a physician can decide that his patient's pregnancy should be terminated and then submit the case to a hospital board composed of other physicians, who must approve the operation. If anything the procedure for obtaining an abortion in Colorado and North Carolina is now more strictly spelled out, though of course the permitted range of applicants is considerably wider. Records and affidavits must be kept. The husband of a married woman must concur. Only in accredited and licensed hospitals can an abortion be done.

The extremely restrictive laws on abortion that remain elsewhere in the United States are by no means uniformly enforced. A private hospital catering to the wealthy might have an informal, generous and evasive method of screening "suitable" candidates, while the doctors in a public hospital might be so literal-minded, so cautious, so worried about letting anyone who is not gasping for her last breath "get by," that practically no abortions are ever done. Until now Colorado has been one of only five states that even consider the mother's "health," the others being Alabama, Mary-

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land, New Mexico and Oregon. In the rest of this country only a woman struggling for her very life is entitled to an abortion. California is considering reform for its laws on abortion, but last week the president pro tem of the state Senate said that attempts to liberalize the law will probably be buried without the formality of a vote. The issue became a heated one recently in New York, though to no effect despite wide support from newspapers, educators, doctors, lawyers, ministers and rabbis, but no priests.

Certainly the Catholic Church is one of the strongest opponents of any kind of abortion, although as with birth control there is evidence that individual Catholics, including physicians, are finding it harder and harder to accept their Church's viewpoint when confronted with the prospect of giving birth to a child deformed by thalidomide or the German measles. In a recent survey by the National Opinion Research Center the American public was found to be heavily in favor of legal abortion for the following circumstances: if the woman's health is endangered; if she became pregnant as a result of rape; if there is a strong chance of serious defect in the baby. "When Catholics were compared to Protestant respondents," writes Alice Rossi, "there was very little religious group difference. . . . Close to a majority of Catholic men and women were in favor of legal abortion to cover such situations."

This year the Rev. Robert Drinan, Jesuit dean of Boston College Law School, took note of the survey and Mrs. Rossi's remarks in an interesting article written for *America* called "Strategy on Abortion." Without in any way abandoning his Church's teachings he warns his fellow Catholics that they may have to give ground or face new laws that essentially permit any woman who desires one an abortion. He wonders whether it may not be the time for Catholics to acknowledge that a last-ditch fight against all abortion, all divorce, all contraception is futile, and even self-defeating. He agrees with Norman St. John-Stevas, a Catholic authority on the subject who has called abortion a form of murder; but he seems to sense that Americans, including many Catholics, no longer see it that way.

In point of fact the issue of abortion has a long and complicated philosophical, theological and medical history. Aristotle recommended the interruption of pregnancy for much the same reasons the Colorado and North Carolina legislators had in mind, but so did primitive men in every continent long before Greece became "civilized." There is the inevitable Egyptian papyrus that makes mention of the practice, and the anthropologist George Devereux has catalogued dozens of techniques that were used by ancient man – everything from magical incantation, severe exercise and the use of skin irritants to starvation and direct intervention. In the first centuries of the Christian era abortions were disapproved by leaders of the new religion, but the practice persisted in a people still predominantly influenced by Greek culture. Only in the fourth century was abortion legally condemned among Christians by imperial law, though interestingly enough the fetus was not considered "alive" until sometime in the second month of pregnancy, when a moment of "quickening" was postulated. Physicians like Galen and theologians like St. Thomas Aquinas drew all kinds of subtle distinctions between the fetus as body tissue, as part of the mother's flesh, and the fetus as a living being with a soul. Bracton, an English jurist and contemporary of Aquinas, declared abortion criminal only when done after "quickening," but until the 19th century the Church rather than the state dealt with abortion in countries like England and America. Obviously the laws that were finally enacted in both countries are essentially tied to another country's medicine as well as its social thinking. (England recently changed its laws along the lines of the new Colorado law.) The mother's life could be saved, but no consideration was given to her physical health in the broadest sense, to her state of mind and her desires as a human being, or to the circumstances that confronted her every day – such as more children than she could already hope to care for properly, with little money to feed them and clothe them and keep them from an endless succession of diseases.

"The Poor Suffer Most"

Who, then, is to be born? The answers range from everyone conceived to only those children desired by the mothers who have to bear them and later rear them. No matter what one believes to be ethically right, the facts are that about one million illegal abortions are done every year in this country, some of them under reasonably safe and decent conditions, some in the most barbarous and humiliating fashion. Another 10,000 or so women obtain legal abortions because their lives are in danger – though doctors say the law is actually stretched in many of those cases. As always, it is unquestionably the poor who suffer most: they cannot fly to Japan to obtain an easy, safe and legal abortion, or to Mexico and Puerto Rico where the law often merely blinks its disapproval; nor can they pay the high fees that abortionists charge here, or go to the private doctors who will do everything they can to help their patients get around the law.

It is hard to know exactly who seeks out and gets what the law forbids but does not prevent from going on every day. Women who want abortions range from young strong unmarried ones, pregnant for the first time, to mothers in their forties whose health is dis-

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tinctly poor. There are the poor, who by the many thousands hurt themselves terribly and sometimes fatally in a desperate effort to be rid of a responsibility they feel they simply cannot accept; and there are the wealthy, some of whom can get a psychiatrist to call them "ill" and thus fit for "therapeutic abortions." (In New York City the death rate from criminal abortions is 10 times higher among Negroes and Puerto Ricans than among whites.) There are sound and hard-working mothers who know they are tired, or know they have all the children they can welcome and bring up to feel welcome; and there are the girls only recently become women whose behavior could either be called "impulsive" and evidence of "neurotic acting-out" or merely thoughtless and reckless. And they are everywhere – in every country, even devoutly Catholic ones like Chile, where careful medical and statistical studies of hundreds of women have revealed that almost a quarter of all pregnancies are terminated by abortion among women of every class, background and degree of religious conviction ("Curiously enough, frequency is greater among the most fervent believers. . . .").

Justice to the Children

We are coming to the day when abortion will no longer be one of the leading methods of birth control that it now is. Physicians and biochemists are now at least able to do research on the problems of contraception; whereas a few years ago they were made to feel almost outcasts, working on a subject many felt unmentionable – either vaguely immoral or particularly sinful. It is interesting to observe how closely medical research keeps in touch with the social and political climate. The Kinsey volume on *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion* noted that almost no effort has been made in the United States to discover what might well be yet another pill: "Nevertheless it is already evident that it would not be difficult to develop effective and safe abortifacients, including some to be taken orally." Perhaps in some laboratories scientists have come closer to that achievement than they dare admit. Certainly there are signs that doctors not only favor a change in our laws, but are ready to say so – as the American Law Institute has for years. (Its recommendations have essentially become the new laws of Colorado and North Carolina.) A while back the Committee on Human Reproduction of the American Medical Association recommended a variety of changes in the law, only to be turned down by the House of Delegates, which referred the problem back to the Board of Trustees with instructions to explore the problem "in depth with other interested groups." (Nothing in America can buy time like an "in depth study.") In January of this year the *Journal of the American Medical Association* was less patient: "There is already unmistakable evidence of a profound restiveness for a reappraisal and updating of our statutes to keep pace with 20th-century medical practice."

Even if the states one by one follow the lead of Colorado and North Carolina, larger issues will remain unsolved. Does the state have the right to require a woman to bear a child she does not want? Do judges have the right to punish a doctor for obliging a desperate woman who does not need a psychiatrist to tell her how angry or abusive she would be (or already is) with children? Is it fair to use the word "murder" in connection with abortion? With regard to birth control, if not abortion, is not the Catholic Church torn between its stern, ascetic Augustinian heritage and the views of men like St. Bonaventura, who saw love as no sin, and sex as much more than a "procreative act"? Is a woman who loses a child in the first month or two of pregnancy – hundreds of thousands abort spontaneously every year – grieving over a person who has died, or is she really sad because fate has denied her the future maternity she desires?

In addition to these more or less "traditional" questions I have heard others asked by some of the people I work with and observe. The woman whose medical, psychological and religious problem I described at the beginning is conflicted. She wants an abortion, but I have also heard her attack those who would cut the size of families like hers a half or two-thirds: "Those people who want the poor to plan families, they're all rich, and they think *they* have the right to have large families, because they've got the money; and us, they tell us to have a kid, or maybe two, and then we won't be so poor. But they don't tell us how we'll get the work and the money, with zero kids or twenty-five, if there aren't enough jobs to go around." From Negro mothers I hear similar remarks: "They say no, no, no – no more kids; the welfare worker, she tells you you're 'overpopulating' the world, and something has to be done. But right now one of the few times I feel good is when I'm pregnant, and I can feel I'm getting somewhere, at least then I am – because I'm making something grow, and not seeing everything die around me, like all the time it does in this street, I'll tell you. They want to give me the pill and stop the kids, and I'm willing for the most part; but I wish I could take care of all the kids I could have, and then I'd want plenty of them. Or maybe I wouldn't. I wouldn't have to be pregnant to feel some hope about things. I don't know; you can look at it both ways, I guess."

Some day, in a world that none of us alive will probably ever see, women like those two will find it unnecessary to weigh their lives and desires on those kinds of scales; and indeed all women will have a chance to do justice to the children they choose to bear.

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Treating Mental Illness

by James Ridgeway

New York

The Albert Einstein College of Medicine is administering an unusual community mental health program in the South Bronx slums which suggests that one way to treat mental illness is to create political change. The approach at least is different from just dousing people with tranquilizers or putting them out of sight in a locked hospital.

The program is administered by Dr. Israel Zwerling, who since last year has been director of Bronx State Hospital, and Dr. Harris B. Peck, who runs the mental health services at Lincoln Hospital. Both hospitals are administered by Albert Einstein College and both men are professors of psychiatry at Einstein.

Lincoln Hospital is meant to serve 400,000 people living in the South Bronx. Half of them are Puerto Rican; most are young adults; 70 percent of the families are without fathers. Dr. Peck says the area has twice the city's rate of mental illness; yet the surprising thing to him is not how sick the residents are, but how they manage to make out as well as they do. Albert Einstein set up a mental health clinic in the hospital in the summer of 1964, and now also operates three neighborhood service centers in store fronts.

Last year 18,816 people came into the centers, and on an average day each one handles 35 cases. Most people come in with problems about welfare, housing and jobs, in that order. A few want legal advice or have consumer complaints. Perhaps three people a week at each center will be referred to the mental health clinic.

Each of the centers has a professional director, either a social worker or psychologist, and a staff of a dozen mental health aides. Generally, these are local people who have been given some training in dealing with the city bureaucracy. They spend much of their time running down welfare cases, seeing to it that recipients get more food and clothing or helping them find the way to other city offices. Since political protest is regarded as therapeutic by Einstein psychiatrists, the mental health aides have helped local residents set up welfare rights units which demand a better shake from the city, and tenant unions which pressure city housing inspectors to enforce housing codes. On occasion these have led to rent strikes. The centers have hired buses to transport people to Albany and Washington to protest cutbacks in the poverty program. The aides have pressed for school reforms and have taken part in demonstrations to prevent the city from closing a local hospital. People who want jobs are referred to job-training programs, although this is a fairly haphazard business. For the most part, however, the aides spend their time wrestling with the welfare department, doing the work that should be done by that office. Albert Einstein has not yet screwed up nerve enough to let the local residents run the neighborhood centers through elected boards. The local people have no formal say in running the centers.

If a person seems ill, the center director can refer him to the Lincoln Hospital mental health clinic, and if doctors there find him in poor shape, the patient can be sent on to Bronx State Hospital where wards are set aside for patients from the Lincoln area. This arrangement has been possible since last fall when Dr. Zwerling took over as director of Bronx State. Before that patients from Lincoln Hospital area would be sent 50 miles out on Long Island to Pilgrim State Hospital, where they would be kept far from family and friends. Bronx State, on the other hand, is 15 minutes away from Lincoln by subway.

Bronx State has modern buildings, but when Dr. Zwerling moved in he found it to be an old-fashioned custodial institution. The wards were locked, and the place run as much for the benefit of the staff as for the patients. The first thing he did was unlock the wards and turn the place into an open hospital. (Judges are warned not to send criminals to Bronx State if they are worried about their running off, and in practice few criminals are sent there.) The nurses and other staff members have been encouraged to discard uniforms for street clothes. Dr. Zwerling has begun a series of classes to retrain the staff, and he soon plans to bring in residents from Albert Einstein as well as student nurses and social workers.

There are 1,200 patients in the hospital and most of them are voluntary. They stay about three months. Most patients are on tranquilizers and the hospital seeks to establish a therapeutic milieu, which means they are kept on a busy schedule of occupational and recreational therapy, ward government and community meetings. They can go in and out of the hospital by showing an honor card to the elevator operator, and are encouraged to go home on the weekends.

The hospital still is very much in transition, but the idea is to follow up patients once they are discharged with family and group therapy, job training and so

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forth. On occasion patients are discharged to live at home and come to the hospital for therapy during the day. Others work during the day and come back to sleep at night. Patients are assigned wards on the basis of which geographical area they come from, so as to provide a sense of community. In the Lincoln wards, where people from the South Bronx are sent, half the patients are Puerto Rican. Recently Dr. Zwerling brought in Berlitz to teach the staff how to speak Spanish so they could better communicate with the patients. While there are 300 patients in these wards, only two are on shock treatment.

Participatory Therapy

The community meeting is one means of establishing a therapeutic milieu, and I was taken to one of the Lincoln wards where a meeting was under way. The 40 women who lived on the ward sat in a circle in the day room, along with nurses and the psychiatrist and psychologist, all of whom were women. Most of the patients were Negro and about one-quarter of them Puerto Ricans who could not speak English. As the session progressed, a nurse translated for them. As I sat down a girl was finishing a lively description of the voices she had heard. The psychologist asked the girl how she felt about the voices, and the girl said she liked them a lot. The conversation ran down. Then a heavy-set, middle-aged woman announced she had to leave. This created a stir of interest, and the psychiatrist quietly but firmly directed her to sit down. This didn't work, and the woman began to cry. She said the strain was just too much, and despite the psychiatrist's repeated requests that she sit down, the woman headed out of the room and down the hall. The psychiatrist then asked the group what it wanted to do about Mary, a girl who had not done her work and who had been making a nuisance of herself in the ward. But before anybody could speak, Mary who was sitting outside the circle in the back of the room, yelled out, "Leave me alone, will ya? All I want to do is to get out of this fucking place." This was a shot in the arm to the group, and the ladies, many of whom had been staring off into space, now roused themselves and argued about what to do with Mary. She egged them on by yelling every so often things like, "You're all a bunch of dumb bitches." Finally the ladies voted to give Mary a chance to go out the next day and try to get a job. If that failed, they then voted to put her out of the hospital altogether. At this the community meeting broke up.

At a staff meeting immediately afterward, the psychiatrist seemed hesitant to let the patients' vote stand. On the other hand, were she to override the patients, that might not be very therapeutic. And anyway, I gathered, the hospital had pretty much decided it couldn't do much more with Mary.

Later that afternoon Mary got into a fist fight with an attendant. She was given a stiffer dose of drugs, and shifted to another ward until she could be discharged. In the past, Mary had gone from one job to another, living by herself in a room. Her mother would have nothing to do with the girl. The plan now was to put her out on welfare, and there was every expectation that she would not be able to cope with that. I was told that the best hope for the girl would be to find an older couple who could take her in and act as foster parents. But it didn't seem likely that the foster parents could be found.

Dr. Zwerling is keen on family therapy as a way of getting at mental troubles, and I had an opportunity to see a therapy session. A handful of psychiatrists, social workers and nurses sat in a dark room, looking through a one-way glass as two therapists worked with a Negro family. Sam, the 16-year-old son, had inexplicably stabbed a cab driver in the back. This seemed a strange act, for the boy had no history of violence. He had been at the hospital for two months where he had kept very much to himself and now was about to be released. There were nine children in the family; the father worked at two jobs from eight in the morning until midnight, so he didn't have much time to spend with the children. On the other hand, the mother, who also worked, kept tight rein on the family. The therapists speculated that one reason Sam stabbed the cab driver was that the mother was so domineering that the children felt unable to express anger or resentment. This might have produced the tension that led to the knifing.

As the session began, the family sat nervously around the room while the two white therapists, both women, asked questions. First there was a brief discussion between the psychiatrist and the father about the boy's release. Asked how Sam made out at home, the mother said he kept off the streets and enjoyed ironing which he did better than the girls. The therapists then asked the mother who took care of the children during the day while she was away at work. One of them observed that the little girl had pulled out most of her hair. The mother said she had, indeed, and that the child pulled more at her hair when the other children called her "bald head." So far nobody but the mother was doing much talking. The father sat silently staring straight ahead, and the children said nothing. One of the therapists asked the brother-in-law whether he didn't feel that the men in the family were unduly pushed down by the mother and whether that led to resentment. He gave an evasive politic answer. The conversation dragged on for a while, finally ran down and the session stopped. The family got up and left, and the two therapists came into our room for a

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critique. A psychiatrist who had watched the therapy pointed out that the therapists never got the confidence of the parents because they never took their coats off. (There had been previous meetings with them, but this was the first before one-way glass and may have frightened them.) He went on to point out that the therapists were wrong in suggesting in front of the mother that she was dominating the family so much that the children could not express their feelings. After all, in urging her children to control their anger, she was imitating the white middle class. And yet there were two white middle-class women attacking her. She must have been badly confused. A psychiatrist next said that Sam's doing the ironing made him one of the girls. But while he was one of the girls he also was experiencing the normal male urges of his age, and this must have created some tension. And it was clear to everyone that the mother wore the pants in the family while the father was passive.

It seemed a bit odd to me that nobody talked about the father's working from eight a.m. to midnight, which might very well have influenced the part he played in bringing up the children. While the hospital staff might be learning something about family therapy from watching these sessions, I couldn't see what the family was getting out of it.

Probably the most radical thing to come of these new mental health programs is a proposal developed at Lincoln Hospital for a new sort of medical college which, in effect, would prepare people for various sub-professional and professional jobs in the health field. This basically envisions a radical change in medical education. Under the Lincoln plan, a person might begin as a health aide or as an assistant to a technician, then move on to being a nurse or a technician, then get a BS degree, and go on to become a medical doctor or a Ph.D.

The community mental health schemes run by Einstein College mark an imaginative departure in treating mental illness. This does not mean, however, that they will result in any real political change in the South Bronx. The programs are new and small; the doctors are a little vague about what they are doing. It is not altogether clear, for example, whether they are in the slums to be advocates of the people, helping them to live as they like, or whether they are there to change them by giving them a push into the middle class.

Overestimating the Power of Power

by Louis J. Halle

The greater one's power or wealth becomes, the more insufficient it is likely to seem, simply because the claims upon it, increasing as it does, tend always to outstrip it. Today the Ford Foundation, while by far the richest of American foundations, is undoubtedly the most inadequately endowed in terms of the expectations it is called on to meet. And today the most powerful country in the world is also, in fundamental respects, the most frustrated, because it finds its power so inadequate to the demands that have grown with it.

One consequence of this paradox is that the more power a nation has the greater the need it feels to use its power in order to increase its power still further. This may lead it, at last, into an open-ended and self-perpetuating process such as has caused great empires of the past to end in overextension and collapse. The problem is a bit like that of a man who, feeling the need to protect some little patch of property, buys the immediately surrounding land, only to find that the protection of his consequently enlarged holdings requires him to buy still more – thus allowing himself to be drawn step-by-step into a process that, unchecked, will end in his bankruptcy.

In 1898 we opened an anti-imperialistic war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba. In the course of the ensuing military operations we struck at and destroyed the Spanish power in the faraway Philippines, thereby creating a power-vacuum that some power was bound to fill. The last thing we had contemplated was that we might acquire an empire on the far side of the Pacific. But we could not hand the Philippines back to the Spanish tyranny, and they were in no condition to govern themselves or encompass their own defense. If we simply got out and came home we would leave chaos behind, and a German naval squadron lay ready in Manila Bay to resolve that chaos in the name of the

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Kaiser's expanding German empire. Waiting in line behind the Germans, moreover, were the Japanese, who had just taken the island of Taiwan for their own expanding empire, and who appeared ready to go on to the next islands in their path, the Philippines.

Under these circumstances, an unhappy President McKinley concluded that the United States, having inadvertently become responsible for the Philippines, had no alternative to assuming, itself, the obligation of governing and defending what consequently became the first item of an American overseas empire.

Again in 1945, not appreciating what was implied by our objective of permanently destroying Japan's military power, we found that the responsibility for its defense had fallen to us as the successor power. So our military power had to be permanently mounted in the Japanese islands, as in the Philippines, to prevent their falling under the expanding power of Soviet Russia or Communist China.

Also in 1945, when American forces liberated the southern half of Korea from the Japanese, as they had once liberated the Philippines from the Spaniards, there was no thought of keeping them there. On this occasion, in fact, we made the mistake of withdrawing them, whereupon Moscow's puppet state of North Korea moved to fill the vacuum we had left. So we had to come back in, accepting the fact that circumstances had added South Korea to the lengthening list of American protectorates on the rim of Asia.

In the same period, for strategic reasons bearing on the defense of Japan, we brought the island chain of the Ryukyus under our power and government.

Prelude to Vietnam

Our commitment to the defense of the state that has become identified with the island of Taiwan, like our acquisition of the Philippines, was the unforeseen consequence of military action to meet an emergency, the emergency caused by the surprise attack on South Korea. Because our response to this attack required us to commit all the forces we had in Japan for its defense, our military leaders insisted on the consequent necessity of posing a deterrent threat on the flank of a China that had just fallen under the hostile sway of Mao Tse-tung. We did this by interposing our Seventh Fleet between his victorious forces on the mainland and Taiwan, where Chiang Kai-shek's defeated forces had taken refuge. In thus intervening at the last moment on the losing side in the Chinese civil war we believed and we announced that our action was temporary only, to meet the emergency of the day. President Truman told Congress that our intervention was "without prejudice to the political questions affecting that island." Nevertheless, 17 years later our continuing commitment to that island appears likely to limit for an indefinite future, still, the possibilities open to our diplomacy in the Far East.

Indochina, and specifically Vietnam, was like Korea another vacuum left by the surrender of Japanese power. The victorious allies had not, however, as in the case of Korea, committed themselves to the independence of Vietnam after its liberation. Consequently, a contest to fill the vacuum began between a native independence movement – itself non-communist although under the leadership of the communist Ho Chi Minh – and French forces trying to reestablish France's prewar empire in Indochina.

Without the American intervention that got started in 1950, the French and the client state they had set up in South Vietnam would have been defeated, leaving the native forces commanded by Ho to fill the vacuum. Our intervention in support of the French, which would soon lead to our replacement of them, was again preemptive. Announcing it, Secretary of State Acheson gave its purpose as that of holding back "Soviet imperialism."

In those days we believed that Mao Tse-tung was a simple agent of Moscow who had conquered China only to hand it over to the Russian empire, which consequently extended, now, to the frontier of Vietnam. Our intervention was prompted by the further belief that, without it, Moscow would next proceed, through its agent Ho, to swallow up Vietnam, then the whole of Indochina, and then an ever-widening range of lands around the rim of Asia.

Today, when our intervention in Vietnam has grown to such formidable proportions, we no longer identify the Soviet empire as the antagonist we are holding back in Vietnam. Now we sometimes say it is China – although it has been hard to make the case that the Vietnamese liberation movement is, in fact, a front for Chinese imperialism – or we suggest that it is something we call "the world communist conspiracy," a notional abstraction that retains some hold on our minds long after the fragmentation of world communism.

More explicitly, but more embarrassingly as well, we have held that our purpose is to prevent "national liberation movements" from succeeding, presumably on the grounds that they might be accompanied by a spread of Chinese or of Russian influence. But there is an essential contrast, moral and political, between the former containment of the Soviet Union along the line of the Iron Curtain, in cooperation with the forces that represented national independence, and commitment to oppose "national liberation movements" wherever they may occur.

Finally, we have said that we are in Vietnam simply to discharge a national obligation to meet "aggression" wherever it may occur in the world – as Vice President

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Humphrey is reported to have told a group of British parliamentarians on April 4. This immediately poses the problem of identifying "aggression," in each case, to the satisfaction of others as well as ourselves. The nature of this problem, as it presents itself in Vietnam today, may be appreciated if we imagine a Vietnamese army fighting us Americans inside our own country. In that case, could the Vietnamese expect the world to believe them if they said it was we Americans who were committing aggression?

Where Are the Limits?

The claims that we have a mission to oppose "national liberation movements" anywhere and to oppose "aggression" anywhere are what raise most acutely the problem of establishing limits to the continuing extension of our military power and the accompanying obligations upon it. Wherever we successfully frustrate a "national liberation movement" or what we identify as "aggression," our success is likely to be accompanied, whether we wish it or not, by the permanent establishment of still another piece of American empire upheld by American armed force. This appears to be already the case in Vietnam, where the state originally set up by the French may, in its dependence on us, become more than our ward, our satellite or puppet.

This continuing expansion of our *de facto* empire could lead only to an increasing and irreversible overextension of our military power, with sinister implications for our own future.

Is it too early, then, for us to be on our guard against the possibility that a day might come when the rest of the world, driven by fear and hatred, combined for the containment of an expanding American empire?

The admiration and trust that Athens had inspired throughout the Greek world had brought it the support of allies who looked to it for leadership in the common defense of Greek freedom against the expanding Persian empire. So it was that, by the time the Persian threat had been contained and dispelled, Athens found itself possessed of a power that it did not, then, prevent itself from using thoughtlessly in a succession of individual decisions by which, at last, it reduced its allies to the status of satellites. When this unpondered course of action had finally, step-by-step, gone past the point of no return, an unhappy Pericles told his fellow Athenians: "What you hold is, to speak frankly, a despotism; perhaps it was wrong to take it, but to let it go is unsafe." In the end, the other states of the Greek world, driven by mounting fear of an Athens that threatened them all, combined to bring about the downfall of its empire and the permanent destruction of its power.

In August 1943, Sir John Anderson, head of the Scientific Research Committee of the British War Cabinet, told Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King that the country which first succeeded in producing atomic bombs would have control of the world. Beginning two years later, our experience of being the first country to produce atomic bombs proved that Sir John had overestimated what could be done with them. They could no more be used for realizing the normal range of our national objectives than, as one of my colleagues used to put it, a hand grenade can be used for killing mosquitoes in one's living-room. The use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam today, or in China or Russia, would surely unleash chaos. It would have a train of immediate political consequences that would lead to the breakdown of the world order on which we, no less than others, depend for the maintenance of our traditional institutions and way of life. Our living-room would be wrecked beyond repair.

The political cost of using any kind of military force, except directly in self-defense, has steadily increased in the 20th century, and especially since the nuclear age began, with the consequence that its use in action has to be avoided except in the direst emergencies, and even then it has to be kept stringently limited. If our escalating military effort in Vietnam has failed to produce decisive results, while seriously darkening our reputation throughout the world, that is surely because our frustrated leaders overestimated the political effectiveness of such means so employed.

Any great nation's influence beyond its borders depends on a delicate combination of force in reserve and the willing consent of others to the pursuit of its interests and the realization of its objectives. Force used with discrimination and careful consideration of others can increase the element of consent. Used indiscriminately and arrogantly, it dissipates consent and thereby may set off a downward spiral of consequences whereby the loss of consent increases the requirements for a use of force that still further dissipates consent – until, like Athens, the doomed nation, which may once have enjoyed the consent of its world, comes to depend entirely on the force that, by itself, cannot save it.

The danger to us, no less than to the rest of the world, resides in our vast and spreading power, which no longer appears quite as beneficent in the world as it did when it was clearly being used for the defense of liberty and civility against the expanding empires of other powers, rather than against native movements of national liberation in faraway lands.

If we are to avert the danger, it will be because we have seen in time that the ideal applicable to a nation in our position is that of the gentle knight, who can afford to act with restraint precisely because he is strong, rather than that of the swaggering frontiersman who bases his standing in the community on demonstrations of his readiness with a six-shooter.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Before and After Papa*

This collection of Ernest Hemingway's journalism* will comfort anyone with strong feelings about him, pro or con. Those who like him will be able to trace here the development of his eye and ear; they will recognize the sources of much in his fiction and they can admire its transmutation. Those who dislike him will be able to substantiate that he was, from youth, a perennial youth; that he spent much of his life flopping on the beach like a struggling whale stranded between the seas of war, pretending that tiny pools like bullfighting and big-game hunting gave him equivalent opportunities.

At the risk of seeming impartial, which I am not, I think there is substance in both views of Hemingway. I think he was a genius, and I cannot see why his career – or that of any artist – should be averaged out, like a sociological table. What finally matters is his best work. Hemingway's comprises a large number of stories and his two first extraordinary (though flawed) novels. This work was epoch-making and is, apparently, imperishable; more, it exemplifies a view of experience and art, a ruthless modernism, toward which much of literature had been moving, consciously and unconsciously, for a century. That is why he had such an overwhelming influence so quickly.

On the other hand, relatively early in his career he became a public fool, a conscious "character," an undernourished scavenger on his former self. Both views of him find some support in this new collection.

Which was not supposed to exist – at least as constituted here. The editor, William White, begins with a frank quotation of Hemingway's statement that he did not want his early newspaper articles republished. These articles, written through 1923, make up more than a quarter of this collection; the rest is "post-fame" magazine and newspaper work. White's justification for disregarding the author's wishes is that Hemingway used much of the material in his fiction anyway. Tenuous though this logic is, I am glad that it satisfied White. Charles A. Fenton's *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway* (1954), which referred to and quoted from those early articles, had whetted my appetite for this book. Now it is interesting to read some of them. That, I suppose, is the real test of the value of publishing marginalia: not whether it provides more grub for pedantic ferrets but whether it repays reading readers.

White has been highly selective. He includes only 29 out of the 154 pieces that Hemingway wrote for *The Toronto Star* between 1920 and 1923 (doubtless many of the exclusions are justified, but I would like to have read the omitted Lloyd George interviews); 17 of his 31 *Esquire* articles; nine of his 28 dispatches on the Spanish civil war; all seven of his articles on China for *PM* in 1941; his six World War II dispatches for *Collier's;* some of his postwar sports stuff for various magazines; his *Look* articles on his African plane crash, and some other odds and ends. I was glad not to see *The Dangerous Summer,* the long bullfight chronicle he wrote for *Life* in 1960.

When one reads the early work of a man who later became an eminent artist, one tends to see in it too many presages of his later qualities. But, so far as hindsight permits, I think some of the later Hemingway can be seen in the *Star* dispatches. I discount such touches as this paragraph from a Spanish article in 1922:

> "Vigo is a pasteboard looking village, cobble streeted, white and orange plastered, set up on one side of a big, almost landlocked harbor that is large enough to hold the entire British navy. Sun-baked brown mountains slump down to the sea like tired old dinosaurs, and the color of the water is as blue as a chromo of the bay at Naples."

This sort of writing is the splashy stuff of "ace" journalism. But the emerging Hemingway can be seen in such a line as this, from another Spanish dispatch in 1923: "It was very exciting, sitting out in front of a cafe your first day in Spain with a ticket in your pocket that meant that rain or shine you were going to see a bullfight in an hour and a half." In 1923, *before* Hemingway was Hemingway, before he had altered the stylistic taste of his time, it took great calm nerve to write "It was very exciting" – just like that, with no further fuss; and to plunk down the succeeding elements in that sentence one after another, almost coldly but with increasingly heating effect. Oh, yes, it seems common enough now.

These early articles have some historical value, too. His account of a commerical airline flight from Paris to Strasbourg in 1922 has the quality of a contemporary newsreel. His descriptions of the personalities at the Genoa economic conference in 1922 are cut cleanly and quickly. His report on Mussolini, whom he met in a group interview in 1923, is exceptionally prescient. Much of his later reporting, too, is incisive. In particular, his Chinese articles are the work of a man who knew warfare, knew something of Chinese problems, and had an eye for character. (White says in his introduction that these Chinese articles "were all written from notes made abroad after his return to New York." Nevertheless they are all datelined abroad, and in one of them Hemingway speaks of "the Burmese sun outside the hotel window as I write this." As this was, probably, written in the old Ritz on Madison Avenue, I think it must have amused Hemingway. It certainly amused me.)

Some of those early articles are historical in another sense. They contain comments about foreign places that are supposed to be eye-opening and awesome to the folks at home – the roots of Hemingway's notorious travel snobbism. Forty years have outdated the intrepid explorer of byways in Spain and Turkey – more in tone than in facts. The only kind of travel writing that is possible today is travel

(Continued on page 35)

* *By-line: Ernest Hemingway,* Edited by William White (Scribner's; $8.95).

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Fallen Angel

by Stanley Moss

The Life of Dylan Thomas
by Constantine Fitzgibbon
(Atlantic Paperback; $2.65)

Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas
edited by Constantine Fitzgibbon
(New Directions; $8.50)

The story is too painful, without consolation. Happily the ballyhoo has quieted down; Thomas' imitators and satellites are disappearing. Dylan Thomas was a poet of genius, who probably will be remembered for fewer than twenty poems, most of them written before his twentieth year. Just after his nineteenth birthday, Thomas wrote to a friend: "The old fertile days are gone. . . . Now when the words do come I pick them so thoroughly of their live associations that only the *death* in the words remains."

Because a poet's life and work are "a continual allegory," Thomas, who constantly tried to go beyond the limitations of language and his own nature, was certain to get bruised. As Fitzgibbon puts it, what Thomas was trying to get at in his poems "was a view of the world for which the English language failed to provide the words let alone the syntax."

Dylan Thomas, the fallen angel of our little treasury of modern verse, almost from birth refused to accept the conditions of the landlord. He had a special kick for death before he started walking across the street; whenever he could he struck at what was unwanted in natural law. Thomas proclaimed his revolution against the syntax of life early; age sixteen, in his notebooks, he demanded "a new dimension in love beyond sex." The revolution was put down by the superior forces of everything foul in the world, by the "nature of things," and by his own bad generalship – a need for constant acceleration of the imagination and the passions when his body and the laws of gravity demanded rest. He made enemies of time and all the necessary dullness of life, which he snubbed, until unholy ghosts, tax debts (he had failed to file returns), and the needs of his large family drove him to the physical and emotional disasters of the American tours. He drank too much and was finally done in, his work incomplete, by a fistful of barbiturates and a few whiskies tossed into him by doctors, girl friends and other half-informed well-wishers, including himself. Soon after his death, Theodore Roethke wrote: "More than any other writer or artist I know, he really cared for and cherished his fellow men."

Constantine Fitzgibbon, the American novelist, has written the authorized biography and edited the Selected Letters keeping the plot of Thomas' life and poetry in clear view. The two volumes should be kept close on the shelf. The biography includes wonderful letters to Thomas' wife, Caitlin, not included in the Selected Letters – I suppose, to protect privacy. Fitzgibbon has a novelist's eye for the relevant. He sees the dark and bright side of the moon of Thomas' character and we accept his view, since his objectivity is clear, almost heroic:

> "She [Caitlin Thomas] was fighting Dylan the entertainer, the character she hated and who became increasingly Dylan the drunken buffoon, for the sake of Dylan the poet whom she loved. . . . And when she arrived in New York where he was dying, and asked: 'Is the bloody man dead yet?' It was to the buffoon she referred, for the death of the poet broke her heart."

Not since Philip Horton's perfect biography of Hart Crane has the material of a 20th-century poet's life been in such competent hands. One feels Thomas himself would approve.

Fitzgibbon is best where he has to be, on the early life and social background. Thomas' father taught English at the Swansea Grammar School; he had wanted to be a poet and failed. He named his son Dylan after a Welsh deity, Dylan, son of the wave, and Marlais, after an uncle who had been a hero: a poet-preacher. Lessons were simple. He read Shakespeare and other great English poets to Dylan almost from birth, in a style I suppose, not unlike Dylan's own. Dylan's father wanted Shakespeare to be "just like the ordinary things," like washing and manners. Later elocution lessons were provided. (I can imagine an American father raising his son to be a poet only if played by W. C. Fields and Baby Leroy, the sort of thing Thomas himself might have done, playing both parts.)

Dylan's mother was a treasury of indulgence. She took him to chapel sometimes twice on Sunday, and let him stay home from school on the least pretext. His formal education was complete at sixteen: age seventeen, invited to tea, Dylan could not take off the tops of his eggs – Mrs. Thomas had always done it for him. (Leopardi's father, you remember, did not let him cut his own meat until he was 27.)

Fitzgibbon points out that Thomas is a Welsh poet in the same sense that O'Neill is an Irish playwright, that many of the plays are informed with the hidden accents and values of a culture only a generation away. In the Swansea of Thomas' boyhood, Welsh was understood by a third of the inhabitants. Three percent of the population was monoglot in Welsh. Thomas, a generation or two before, would have written in Welsh. Fitzgibbon observes that Wales was without an aristocracy: the Tudors and others had gone east to England. The Welsh had to turn elsewhere for men to admire and emulate. "They looked to their preachers and their poets." The poet hero developed the Welsh Unitarian Church, evolved a religion of "radicals" who

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denied the divinity of Christ. Their enemies used to say of them "they believed in one God – at most."

Unlike D. H. Lawrence, who left the moral and emotional values of his Nottinghamshire mining village behind, Thomas could not leave the Wales of his father. He recoiled from his first trip to complex London back to the demi-hell, demi-paradise of Wales, and wrote to a friend, "There is no good or evil there."

Just a year before his own death, Dylan's father died. I suppose had Dylan lived much beyond him, he would have concerned himself with a world different from the world of his father. The libretto he proposed to Stravinsky, never written, was an allegory on the atomic age; and two plays, outlined to friends, were set outside of Wales and offered possibilities beyond that of *Under Milkwood*, which was structurally similar to his father's readings in the family library.

Working "toward the word" rather than "from the word," Thomas' revolt was against the body of poetry dominated by the university and the theology of Eliot and Auden. He brought to English the thumping accents of the Welsh seacoast and the chapel sermon, the jagged pick and shovel syntax of the mineshaft – against the Church of England, a subjective half-pagan pantheism. Victory was never in doubt, the spoils – our generation of English gentlemen poets: teachers, librarians, civil servants who refuse to turn poetry over to "the mugs."

Thomas' best prose is to be found, I think, in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, in the extraordinary story, "The Burning Baby" and in his letters. A typical sentence from the letters stands out from other English sentences like a heron in Trafalgar Square. His prose, like Joyce's, is super-personal. Often, he writes as if he had only one sentence, one throw of the net to drag in the universe. Some of the letters are prose poems; they are many, many rungs down the ladder from Baudelaire's – but this is his company.

Through no fault of Fitzgibbon's, the *Selected Letters* show a nobler man than the biography. The letters are much less than complete. If I read correctly, there is only one letter addressed to someone with whom Thomas had been to bed. The love letters are all but missing. Then already published and so not included, is the correspondence with Vernon Watkins, letters that give us a good view of Thomas' methods of composition. See the six years of carpentry and inspiration that went into the making of the 24-line poem, "Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London." See the most painful requests for money since the letters of Dostoevsky. See every fourth letter offering an apology. See the relics of Thomas' gifts of friendship and conversation, the quality of his courtesy and discourtesy. Roll with the master of high and low jokes. The letters catch the poet in the house of mirrors, "I like contradicting my images, saying two things in one word, four in two and one in six."

Unlike most of the great poets of this century, Thomas left no body of criticism. His letters give us his "defense and theory of poetry." Fully a quarter of the *Selected Letters* are youthful letters addressed to Pamela Hansford Johnson, now the wife of C. P. Snow. Thomas writes: "My own obscurity is quite an unfashionable one, based, as it is on a preconceived symbolism derived . . . from the cosmic significance of the human anatomy." Elsewhere, "I do not contrast a tree with a pylon, or a bird with a weasel, but rather the human limbs with the human tripes. . . . All thoughts and actions emanate from the body. . . . The greatest description I know of our own 'earthiness' is to be found in John Donne's Devotions where he described man as earth of the earth . . . his hair a wild shrub growing out of the land."

Bounty hunters may find it useful to recall that Robert Graves once offered a pound, I believe still unclaimed, to anyone who could tell him what Thomas' poem, "If My Head Hurt a Hair's Foot," was about. Much of Thomas' greatest poetry bears witness to the fact that man is one with nature through his body.

"The force that through the green
fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age . . .
And I am dumb to tell the crooked
rose
My youth is bent by the same
wintry fever."

In a letter dated "Late 1933" he wrote this surprising answer to Lawrence's views: "While the life of the body is, perhaps, more directly pleasant, it is terribly limited, and the life of the non-body, while physically unsatisfying, is capable of developing, of realizing infinity, of getting somewhere, and of creating an artistic progeny." Thomas came from a race of puritan preachers and poets.

I would like to draw attention to a little aubade, a late and terrible letter Thomas wrote to Charles Fry who had commissioned a book of American impressions, never delivered. In the last eight years of his life, Thomas wrote one great poem, "Over Sir John's Hill," in the last year, only "one tangled, sentimental poem." In a single letter, Thomas gives us that last tragic year, his father's death, his own death chant, "I have been able to write nothing, nothing, nothing."

Just before Thomas' death, Stravinsky offered him a roof and the possibility of royalties that would have, he thought, set him free from the economic degradation he suffered the whole of his life.

Had Dylan Thomas only been more reasonable?

"I have been told to reason by the
heart,
But, heart, like head, leads
helplessly;
I have been told to reason by the
pulse,
And, when it quickens, alter the
actions' pace. . . .
I have heard many years of telling,
And many years should see some
change.
The ball I threw while playing in the
park
Has not yet reached the ground."

If Thomas is seen as Roethke saw him, as the writer among us who "cared for and cherished his fellow men more than any other," and if you believe that to love one's fellow men is to love God, as some do, then Thomas' death is especially painful, because no great writer of this century fell from such innocence to such disarray.

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The Destruction of Differences

by Thomas S. Szasz

Babi Yar is a ravine outside Kiev, where, in September 1941, the Nazis murdered the city's entire Jewish population; and where, for the next two years, their hastily commissioned death-factory, taking advantage of a huge gully as a natural mass-grave, continued without letup to produce its daily quota of corpses.

On September 21, 1941, when the Germans occupied Kiev, Anatoly Kuznetsov was 12 years old. He lived in a modest house with his mother, a schoolteacher, and his maternal grandparents. When the Russians recaptured the city, after 778 days of occupation, Kuznetsov, his mother, and his grandfather were, miraculously, still alive. Indeed, he was more than merely alive, physically; he had also found his calling.

Babi Yar: A Documentary Novel
by Anatoly Kuznetsov
translated by Jacob Guralsky
illustrated by S. Brodsky
(Dial; $5.95)

Tolik, as his mother called him, must have been a remarkably intelligent and humane boy. He saw much, but he did not repress what he witnessed. On the contrary, he hoarded his memories until he unburdened himself in this cathartic masterpiece.

Kuznetsov calls his book a "documentary novel." He repeatedly interrupts his narrative to tell the reader that he has added nothing, made up nothing, that what he tells is the truth as he experienced it. Once would have been enough. For Kuznetsov is one of those rare people – how many are left – who, one feels, is honest. He writes not to impress, to indict, or to spin a yarn, but to come to grips with his own history, with his own individuality, and, ultimately, with the riddle that is man.

Kuznetsov began to write when he was 14, during the occupation. He wrote about the things he saw, which, his grandmother told him, "were enough for a lifetime." Soon, he relates (in an essay published in *The New York Times Book Review*, April 9, 1967), "My thick notebook was swollen out of shape by all the clippings and documents I pasted into it – and it was entitled *Babi Yar*. The years passed by. Kuznetsov worked as a ballet dancer, carpenter, and construction worker, and he continued to write. In September 1961 (it couldn't have been an "accident"), Kuznetsov was in Kiev visiting his mother. Yevgeny Yevtushenko was also in Kiev. The two writers, who had known each other, walked to Babi Yar. A few days later, Yevtushenko wrote his poem "Babi Yar," and it was during this visit, too, that the present book was born:

> "I climbed to the top of Babi Yar, and suddenly I caught my breath and realized that the time had come to start writing my book. I got out my scrapbook and leafed through it, and it all came back to me. It was as if the sluice gates had burst open, releasing an endless torrent of facts, ideas, and recollections. I could think of nothing else. . . . [Soon], I could no longer sleep. Rather, at night I would sink into a comatose state of endless nightmares. . . ."

In these nightmares, he saw the dead, heard the screams of the dying, was shot at, and, in the end, "I would see

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VIETNAM
THE LOGIC OF WITHDRAWAL
By Howard Zinn

"A SUPERB ANALYSIS . . . AND A QUITE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT"
Frederick Schuman, Woodrow Wilson Prof. of Govt., Williams College

*"HOWARD ZINN, PROF. OF GOVT. AT BOSTON UNIV. WHO SERVED AS A BOMBARDIER IN WORLD WAR II, HAS WRITTEN A SPEECH FOR LYNDON JOHNSON WHICH, IF HE DELIVERED IT, WOULD MAKE THE PRESIDENT ONE OF THE GREAT MEN OF HISTORY, IN MY OPINION . . ."
Wes Lawrence, Book Editor, Cleveland Plain Dealer, referring to the final chapter of the book.

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myself with a jerking tommy gun in my hands, and then it would be I who was shooting." His need to master the experience – both as an actual event that had happened to him and as a general human possibility that might happen again to any of us – was overpowering: ". . . I had to understand it all. . . . I had to, but I never could. Even today, now, this minute, I still cannot understand." Kuznetsov is too modest. I think he understands what happened as well as such things can be understood.

The bare facts of Kuznetsov's story are either widely known, or are not of arresting significance. Among the former: the murder of approximately 100,000 Jews (there are no exact figures), and probably twice this number of non-Jews. Among the latter: the travails of Tolik and his hapless family. The boy cleaned shoes, sold cigarettes, worked for an underground sausage-manufacturer whom he last saw leaving the war-torn city with gold coins sewn into his clothing. The mother did charring at a factory, rather than teach in a Nazified Ukrainian school. At the beginning of the story, the grandfather is pictured as anti-communist, looking forward with guarded enthusiasm to the arrival of the German "liberators." By war's end, thanks to the "German humanism" of the Nazis, he is an impassioned anti-fascist.

One noteworthy fact which Kuznetsov reports without commentary is the following:

> "In Kurenevka, right above Babi Yar, there is the large Pavlov Psychiatric Hospital. . . . On October 14, [1941] a German detachment arrived. . . . The detachment was headed by a doctor and brought something that no one had ever seen before – death trucks. Groups of sixty or seventy patients were forced into the trucks. . . . After what happened at Babi Yar, the destruction of a big hospital passed unnoticed, as if it were an everyday affair."

The destruction of mental patients was evidently considered a medical responsibility.

Some of Kuznetsov's comments about the language game the Germans played in Kiev are also of interest:

> "I'll be damned if every tenth word the Germans uttered wasn't 'culture': 'The thousand-year German culture,' 'the cultural renewal of the world,' 'all human culture depends upon the success of German arms,' and so on. The things that can be done with words! It's enough to drive you mad! . . . Then there was 'humanism.' German humanism was the greatest in the world, the German army was the most humane. . . . I had to grasp these concepts of 'culture' and 'humanism' with all their subtleties very early, because every day I had to hide from them, lest I become their beneficiary."

At one point Kuznetsov himself uses this language, when, in describing the capture of a partisan, he writes that, "He was taken to a conference room, where German doctors examined him for Jewish traits, but their diagnosis was negative."

American readers may find special satisfaction in the sentence in which Kuznetsov, describing the arrival of the Russian troops, sees the street before him disgorging tanks and "Studebaker trucks." If not for the "Studebaker trucks," this book might not have been written.

"Babi Yar" is one of the great books of modern Russian literature. What makes it great, besides the compelling nature of the subject, is the author's artistry. Writing at the white heat of passion, Kuznetsov has succeeded in transmuting feelings of great intensity into a gentle, almost soothing, prose. (I assume the translator is accurately reflecting the author's style.) Kuznetsov has also a sharp eye for characters and scenes – whether of boys helping and hurting each other or of unspeakable atrocities – so that the result is almost like a combination of *Huckleberry Finn* and Camus' essays from the French underground.

Babi Yar also invites comparison with Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. If more proof were needed that Arendt was only too right in speaking of *The Banality of Evil*, this book would supply it. Not only did the Nazis "equalize" *(gleichgeschaltet)* industries, they had a passion for conformity in all social activities and, in the end, in all human beings. In the Hitlerian philosophy, to be human means not only to be Aryan, but, more specifically, to be German, blonde, and healthy. Anyone who is different from this ideal model may be considered nonhuman – in the case of Jews, vermin – and hence exterminated. "Per-

The Modern Litany

(This positive-edited digest of Great Books
is to be chanted with solemn pause at end of each line)

Polls, charm schools, toilet trainers, lend us your deafness
To prejudice and make us nonconformists
Like everybody else. Tell Sparta
These truths we hold to be semantic blurs.
For we are alone among mankind
In combining free individualism (that is, personalized stationery)
With sense of community (our folk-dance classes).
Lead us not into deviation, but
Make us feel guilty near No Trespass signs
As we make guilt-ridden those who trespass against us.
Give us this day our daily treadmill
Of keeping up with those who keep more up.
But deliver us from psychosomatic heart-attack
By granting free parking to customers. For thine is
The working-hypothesis that moves the sun and the other stars.

PETER VIERECK

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sons with dark hair and eyes and long noses were better off not showing themselves in the streets," remarks Kuznetsov. Nor was it wise to be sick or to go to a hospital. "Most hospitals were used as barracks, the patients having been shot." It is this passion for the destruction of human differences that, I think, must have animated the architects of German death-factories. It continues to animate the enemies of the open society, who characteristically despise any deviation from their own physical appearance, moral conviction, or social conduct.

Although Kuznetsov is too well in control of his passions to lecture the reader, toward the end of the book he observes with characteristic gentleness: "Let me emphasize again that I have not told about anything exceptional, but only about ordinary things that were part of a *system;* things that happened just yesterday, historically speaking, when people were exactly as they are today."

It seems clear that the more man becomes liberated from bondage to God and Church, the more he stands in danger of succumbing to bondage to the Great Leader and the Modern State. If blind obedience was the distinguishing crime of the Germans who followed Hitler (and of the Russians who followed Stalin), then this crime is widespread – even though its consequences may not always be equally disastrous. But is there, can there be, any remedy for man's fatal gullibility and craving for authority other than his slow growth to skepticism and self-reliance?

Kuznetsov has twice triumphed in this battle of life. First, as a child in a war-torn land, he survived without suffering serious harm either to his body or to his spirit. Second, as a young adult, he survived to create – and to create dangerously, in Camus' phrase – a lasting work of art and a secure place for himself in Russian letters. We salute him.

COMING

Day Lewis' Pale Fire

by John Wain

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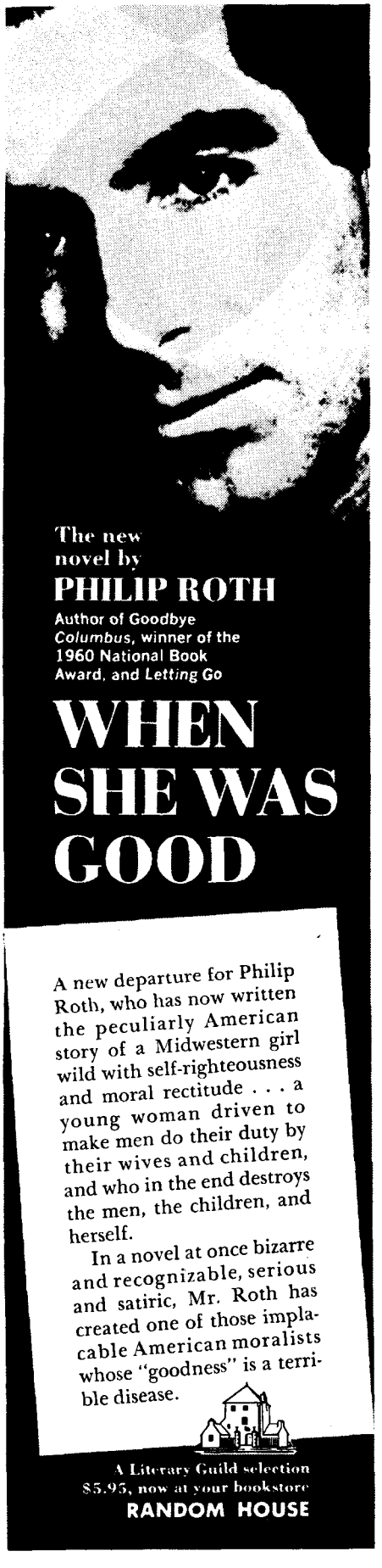
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How Revolutions Die

by Stanley Karnow

> "A revolution is not the same as inviting people to dinner, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing fancy needlework; it cannot be anything so refined, so calm and gentle, or so mild, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. A revolution is an uprising, an act of violence whereby one class overthrows another."

That bold passage, from the poetic brush of Mao Tse-tung, describes the convulsions currently shaking Red China. For Mao, as his publicists put it, is engaged in a "life-and-death struggle" to uproot a formidable array of alleged capitalists, revisionists, so-called "monsters and demons," and other class enemies who, despite the establishment of a communist regime in Peking 17 years ago, are still entrenched in China's villages, factories, armed forces, government bureaus and especially in its extensive Communist Party apparatus. These adversaries are not merely resisting Mao's utopian brand of communism. On the contrary, it is Mao who is striving to reassert authority that was, he claims, "usurped" from him and his followers.

Counter-Revolution:
How Revolutions Die
by James H. Meisel
(Atherton Press; $6.50)

His claim is plausible. In retrospect, it seems fairly clear now that in 1959, in the dismal aftermath of the reckless "Great Leap Forward," Mao may well have been shelved by Party subordinates who lost confidence in his leadership. As he was later to say, "They treated me like I was their dead parent at a funeral."

These subordinates, particularly the Chief of State Liu Shao-chi and the Party Secretary-General Teng Hsiao-ping, continued to venerate Mao's name. But instead of his rigorous collectivist policies, which prompted the "Great Leap Forward," they substituted an economic program based on material incentives that undermined Mao's concept of progress through mass mobilization and exaltation. And thus it is that Mao, as his propaganda states, is at present leading a minority of "rebels" against the "power-holders taking the capitalist road." In short, he is desperately trying to promote what might be termed a "counter-counter-revolution."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Meisel has not – possibly for lack of data at the time of writing – included China among the case histories he uses to delineate how revolutions die. Nevertheless, his book is timely, appearing as it does when ideology seems to be giving way to pragmatism, when tyrannical orators from Soviet Russia to Indonesia are being replaced by technicians concerned with food production and the balance of payments. However, Meisel raises an important point in asking whether this historical process is predictable. The pattern is evident:

> "In the prerevolutionary phase, the ideologues and plotters; in the springtime of the revolution, the great orators and tribunes of the people; then the harsh taskmasters of the dictatorial climax; and finally the pragmatists of Thermidor."

"But whether or not all these situations with their quite specific role requirements will occur, which of them, when, and with what results, cannot be predicted," he observes. "Some revolutions may start with a dictatorship: Castro's in Cuba; or there may not be a Thermidor: has it occurred in Soviet Russia? If so, when? The experts are still arguing about it."

The experts are still arguing too, Meisel points out, about whether the doctrines and practice of revolution can be used for counter-revolutionary purposes. The attempt was made in Algeria, where French colonels indoctrinated in Vietminh prison camps, carried copies of Mao Tse-tung's works under their arms and recited the aphorism about the army living among the people like fish in water. The theory failed: "It had to fail because the main

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assumption, that you had to win the people, presupposed that you were among your *own* people. . . . The French fish could not swim in native waters; they were too conspicuous; they were white."

Theory has also failed in Vietnam, where counter-insurgency, the great fad of a few years ago, has been discarded in favor of the straightforward American approach: men, money and materiel. But ultimately, as Meisel suggests, there seems to be no other way:

> "It is not reasonable to expect the present ruling class of Vietnam to act like revolutionaries, and though our own foreign-policy makers sometimes seem to endorse democratic socialism abroad, they are not likely to fight a war on two fronts: against the Vietcong *and* the Vietnamese "establishment."

Just as there are several types of revolution, from the Jacquerie and the Jacobin communists to the conspiratorial *coup d'état* and militarized mass insurrection as advocated by Mao, there are several ways in which revolutions die. Professor Meisel describes these several ways. Counter-revolution, he submits, can evolve into a new kind of revolution. The French Revolution produced the counter-revolutionary, Napoleon I, who in turn left a legacy of revolution throughout Europe.

But revolution need not fall short of its objectives through failure; it can also be killed by success. The "modern revisionism" of the Soviet Union is a reflection of achievement. The "ruble is in command" in Moscow, Peking jeers. At the same time, however, Mao's own troubles have in part grown out of the political order and relative economic stability his revolution brought China. The most effective weapon of counter-revolution may therefore be the revolution of expectations.

Onward and Upward

by Gerald W. Johnson

In the beginning was the word Populist, but it proved an evanescent thing; time passed over the Populists and they learned to read, so they became Progressives. But these, too, were transitory; war, depression and time passed over the Progressives and they learned to think, so they became the Brain Trust of the New Deal. Nor were the New Dealers enduring; Acton's agency of corruption, power, enthralled them, time passed over them and they learned to lie, especially to themselves, so they became the Warriors Against Poverty. The ribald are unrealistic when they deride this title as having no connection with reality. The rural Vietnamese are certainly among the most poverty-stricken of all populations and we have warred against them longer, if less effectively, than the Union warred against the Confederacy.

The Progressives
Edited by Carl Resek
(Bobbs-Merrill; $7.50)

Out of this progression, not of liberalism but of liberal ideology, Professor Resek has selected the second chapter, the Progressives, who flourished for the first thirty years of this century, and has treated the episode by resorting to the original sources and presenting autobiographical writings in which the Progressives described themselves. The list includes Vernon Parrington, Richard Ely and W. E. B. Du Bois, from the universities; Jane Addams, Margaret Sanger, Rabbi Stephen Wise and Monsignor John Ryan, as relievers of the poor; Washington Gladden, Ray Standard Baker, Theodore Roosevelt and Ida Tarbell as assailants of Big Business; Frederick Howe, Josephus Daniels, Robert LaFollette, George Norris, and William Prendergast, as battlers for democracy; Jacob Riis, Mary Simkovitch and Roger Baldwin as patriots in time of war. Jane Addams and Roosevelt are quoted a second time on democracy.

The effect is ambiguous. To a limited extent it is a beautiful restoration of somewhat faded reputations, but from another angle it comes close to being a

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

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case of indecent exposure. In every instance, with one exception, the character of the subject emerges resplendent, but in every instance his intelligence is made questionable by the same fault, a moral certainty that the state of human knowledge has never justified. The exception is Josephus Daniels, who is represented by an account of the only thoroughly discreditable incident in his whole career, his attack on the historian, John Spencer Bassett, for paying a well justified tribute to Booker Washington.

But Ida Tarbell's acceptance of Henry Ford's idea that his paternalism was making men when it was only making robots; Theodore Roosevelt's certainty that he could always distinguish a malefactor from a benefactor; Jane Addams' sublime faith in humanitarianism: Parrington's prompt acceptance of Beard's fantastic historical method; and the assurance of the others that equity is somehow attainable through application of some kind of alkahest, economic, legal, or ethical, are conclusive evidence that the Progressives, no less than the Warriors on Poverty, had strayed far afield from the political philosophy of the Constitution makers, who were certain of nothing except the necessity for prompt action, and who, accordingly, were careful to leave their successors free to correct the founders' mistakes. To forget, misinterpret, or ignore the proved wisdom of the past may be no crime, but it is a sure way to wind up red-faced and owing apologies and money.

MUSIC

Bomarzo, Si, Rigoletto, No,

Since its inception eleven years ago, the Opera Society of Washington (D.C.) has, in its three or four productions a year, set a standard of repertory that would have been big news in any other city in the world. But among the swollen corps of Washingtonians who make news and report it, only a handful are sensitive to the arts. In order to call wider attention to itself, the OSW climaxed a season distinguished by productions of virtually unknown Haydn and Massenet operas with the world premiere of *Bomarzo*, a product of the Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera and the Argentine poet and novelist Manuel Mujica Lainez.

Both text and music reflect a number of strong influences which have been assimilated with varying degrees of success. The raw materials are similar to those of the standard Italian opera of a hundred years ago: The hero (or anti-hero) is a vile-tempered Renaissance Italian duke; his behavior is what you would expect of an operatic tenor who is hunchbacked and has too much money and power. In point of ethics, the supporting characters aren't much more savory than those in *Rigoletto*. All except the ingenue heroine (almost, but not quite, an adulteress) are people who, in our time and in a Western democracy, would be guilty of anything from a misdemeanor to felony.

The principal characters themselves are drawn from history. The dukes of Bomarzo were members of the house of Orsini – which, during the high Renaissance, was in fairly constant competition with the Medici, the Farnese and the Borgia for the papacy. During a couple of centuries, the Orsini contributed their fair share of saints to the Roman canon, but these people do not figure in the opera. The "Bomarzo" of the title, Pier Francesco Orsini, succeeded to the dukedom against considerable odds. According to the libretto, both his father and his elder brother planned to have him killed. Pier Francesco succeeded in eliminating both of them, and his younger brother as well. On attaining his inheritance, the duke created a memorial to himself in the form of a garden of monstrous figures carved from living rock. The opera endows the duke with formidable sexual problems, exacerbated by his hideous personal appearance and his poisonous involvement with his

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grandmother. The acting out of his fantasies involves an encounter with a nude courtesan who figures in orgiastic ballets so uninhibited that, a few days before the premiere, some of the ballerinas refused to dance. In the end, the duke dies, poisoned by his own astrologer, at the base of a statue called "The Mouth of Hell."

In spite of the historical basis of the material, it must have taken a great deal of effort on the part of Sr. Mujica Lainez to convert it into acceptable adult theatre. His technique has been to divide the literary drama into a set of short episodes, presented like movie flashbacks, in which the events are seen from the point of view of the Duke, and the symbols are drawn from the sculptures of the Bomarzo estate. What emerges is a disagreeable interior journey, a series of fifteen humiliating defeats in fifteen scenes, in which symbol and metaphor combine to convey the kind of existential horror and nausea one finds in an opera like Berg's *Wozzeck*. *Bomarzo* becomes the libretto of an Italian opera by an author who has read Freud, studied the best operas since *Pelléas*, and presumably seen a lot of Swedish movies.

As one of the heirs-apparent to the late Heitor Villa-Lobos, the composer, Alberto Ginastera spent his young manhood writing superbly competent music in the now-obsolete nationalistic Latin American style. Few sinking ships have been abandoned so quickly as that one was about ten years ago. At present, anybody looking for shades of Xavier Cugat in serious Latin American music is in for the shock of his life. Almost without exception, the Latins have been speaking the international language of the Viennese atonalists, but with a Spanish accent.

Ginastera was somewhat ahead of most of his contemporaries. He was writing Hindemithean neoclassical music by the mid-fifties, then became, briefly, an atonal composer, using Schoenberg, Webern and Berg as his models, without entirely surrendering his own individuality. His Piano Concerto (1961) was his last piece for several years in which rival tendencies were at war.

In his previous opera, *Don Rodrigo* (1966), Ginastera was still hung up with technical gimmicks, and the work suffered from a conflict between overdramatic music and static staging. But *Bomarzo* is a synthesis of all that has gone before in Ginastera's career. It offers no advance that I can detect in technique, but it shows, in many spots, a fearless independence of current trend and enormous progress in the direction of individual style and personal responsibility.

The advance publicity attending the premiere was, to a large degree, a smokescreen designed to give the impression that the piece was wildly radical in conception and execution. Since the composer contributed to this mass of misinformation, there is a reasonable question as to how far he has succumbed to his own propaganda. *Bomarzo* is, in almost every detail, well within the conventions of ordinary music, and, as its enthusiastic reception in three Washington performances has shown, poses no serious problems to the average listener. Like *Pelléas* and the Berg operas, it is not particularly rich in tunes you can whistle, but it has longer stretches of strong tonal melody than those 20th-century operas with which it is likely to be compared. In the main, the vocal lines owe more to Puccini than the composer would admit. This is not true of the accompanying material. The chorus, which is treated as part of the orchestra, supplies a variety of fetching sounds, some of which are not found in the music of the past. The orchestral texture itself is lustrous, clean and clear. There is one technical innovation: there are harmonic improvisations which form diaphanous sonorities that Debussy himself might have envied. The score is beautifully wedded to the action on stage, and gives the impression that, all along, Ginastera's true home was the theatre.

The next performances of *Bomarzo* will take place this summer at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires. In the fall, it will be mounted by the New York City Opera Company, where the conductor, Julius Rudel, can be expected to repeat his Washington success. The work, with the original cast, will be recorded by Columbia records. I assume that the beautiful Washington production will be moved to New York more or less intact.

ROBERT EVETT

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A COMMUNICATION

Third Party?

Doris Kearns and Sanford Levinson (May 13) propose a new, issue-oriented political party of the left, to bring together voters ignored by the present two-party system (basically, the poor plus those who oppose the war) and "to remove LBJ in 1968." The motives are impeccable, but the reasoning and conclusions deserve criticism.

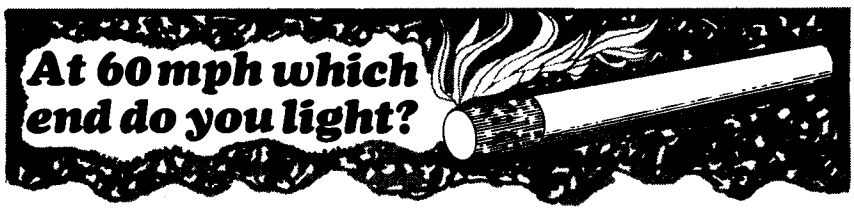
For what it is worth, I was closely involved in the independent congressional candidacy of Bob Cook last fall in New Haven. Our experience was discouraging: a well-financed (we spent more than $35,000) campaign with an attractive young candidate and quite a bit of volunteer help managed to get only 5.5 percent of the vote (8,500 votes overall). Cook's candidacy was far more than just a one-issue affair. He spent more time talking about urban problems than about the war. The press coverage locally was scrupulously fair. Connecticut is doubtless a poorer state for independent political activity than most others, but I cannot help feeling that our effort was hardly worth the trouble.

I start from the belief that the war demands priority over the many other problems facing America; it is more absolutely evil, and the solution to it is most obvious. All we have to do is stop fighting and withdraw, or at the very least, negotiate toward that end. By contrast, there is no instant remedy for our many domestic ills: some argue that the money wasted in Vietnam ought to be spent for Great Society programs, others doubt whether the Great Society approach can vanquish the many regressive forces which operate in contemporary America. The poor certainly need a political voice, but this will be the work of decades. If opponents of the war were now to undertake the task of reforming the two-party system in America – Kearns and Levinson notwithstanding – we would necessarily neglect the current emergency.

The fundamental responsibility of the concerned minority between now and the 1968 election must be to increase the pressure and effectiveness of protest. The problem is one of tactics. Kearns and Levinson emphasize the ineffectiveness of the mass march numbers game, and the same criticism might well be made of the endless anti-Vietnamese petitions and newspaper advertisements. Instead, they would channel protest into political organization, with the goal of a separate party and presidential candidate in '68.

Can any *political* action affect the course of the war? Members of Congress who have tried to suggest alternatives now appear to think that further dissent is futile. James Reston recently reported: "This week's Senate debate on Vietnam had a different tone. . . . The President's critics are no longer shouting at him to turn back, but imploring him to be careful. It is not that they are resigned to the steadily rising violence, but merely that they feel helpless to do anything about it." Immediately thereafter, the Senate doves informed Hanoi, in effect, that they had no hope of slowing down the escalation. The only political development that seems likely to curb Johnson's war policy would be his removal from the presidency, still a long year and a half away.

A great many Americans who oppose involvement in Vietnam voted for Johnson in 1964, but would now agree with Kearns and Levinson that Johnson should be replaced by an "acceptable Republican" in 1968. The question becomes: what circumstances will promote the nomination and election of such a Republican? Siphoning off vital votes into a third party is a poor way to encourage Republicans to break with Johnson's war policy. Indeed, nothing would more likely play into the hands of the Republican hawks. Assume that Nixon and Romney arrive at the Republican convention with



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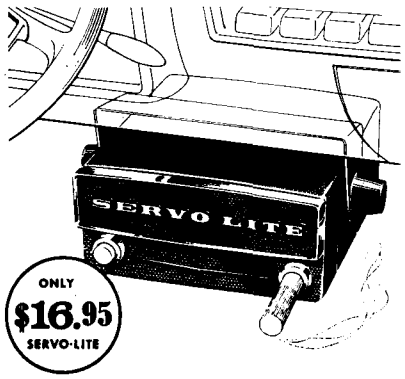

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about equal strength, so that a coalition of favorite sons could force a stalemate. Under such circumstances, a moderate or dove (perhaps Percy) would stand a chance of nomination. But we cannot expect Republicans to go that way unless they know a great many Johnson votes of 1964 are ready and waiting for a Republican with an acceptable position on Vietnam.

Kearns and Levinson also overrate the ability of third parties to force particular issues upon unwilling politicians. The Free Soil and Bullmoose Parties did carry new ideas into the American political system, but we should heed the painful lessons of more recent history – specifically, the election of 1948. Any peace-oriented candidacy in 1968 would suffer many of the same disadvantages which produced the Progressive debacle of 1948. The Progressives were unable to stem the deepening reaction of the McCarthy years, and many of them suffered personally during the subsequent inquisition. In terms of votes, Wallace undoubtedly lost New York for Truman and nearly did the same in several other states, just as Kearns and Levinson predict a peace candidate in 1968 would do to Johnson; but the consensus of political analysts is that Truman profited in the long run from the splintering on the left, because it gave him greater strength in the center. It would be tragic if a peace candidate were similarly to assist in reelecting Johnson.

The left would not even have the minor-party field to itself in 1968. What peace candidate would have the chance to match the popular vote (to say nothing of the electoral vote) that George Wallace now seems likely to attract? The rowdy Alabamian looks far more formidable and better organized than the 1948 Dixiecrats, who swept four states – four more states, it should be noted, than the Henry Wallace Progressives won. In all probability, the party of the left would run fourth in a field of four in 1968 – hardly an expression of massive discontent with the war. We can probably outmarch the hawks, but they will outvote us (and ignominiously) if we insist on running a peace candidate.

Why are so few people, relatively speaking, distressed about Vietnam? Because, it seems to me, the staggering abundance of post-World War II America has allowed creation of a military monster without felt deprivation on the home front. America shows little outward evidence of being a country at war. Relatively few, even among those eligible, face the hardship of military service in Vietnam. If we are honest with ourselves, we will not expect our dissent to attract many new converts.

Let us turn to a more productive confrontation with the powers that govern the country and prosecute the war. We should follow up the April 15 peace march with acts of civil disobedience, similar to the recent witness at the Pentagon, but on a far wider scale. If all the people who were in New York and San Francisco on April 15 work all summer to politicize the Vietnam protest, we will dissipate the energies and resources of the movement in a dead-end cause; but if just a fraction of those hundreds of thousands were, for instance, to come to Washington and camp out on the White House lawn until arrested, the country would reach a most extraordinary impasse. Thoreau's famous essay on civil disobedience speaks to the present hour: "Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless when it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose."

Civil disobedience involving large numbers of people would be something new for the peace movement. It would be the best show of support for the real heroes of this war, the young men who have refused to serve in the armed forces. Civil disobedience should not be the last resort of a frantic minority. Instead, we should make very clear our belief that "creative disorder" is a positive instrument with which to confront injustice. We should act with the same dignity and courage that characterized the civil rights movement. We cannot say peace without the President

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saying he favors peace, we cannot march without prompting countermarches, we cannot put up our own candidate for President without the Democrats, Republicans and Alabama doing the same and beating us at that game; but we can march to the Pentagon and to the White House, to the aircraft companies in Connecticut and the troop ships in California, to the Selective Service building and Post Office in Keokuk – and sit tight until we are arrested.

Sympathetic politicians have told us *there is nothing further they can do* to redress our grievances (which but suggest the unimaginable grievances of the Vietnamese people). Thoreau's approach deserves the trial it has never really had. Thoreau wrote only of his own action, but his plan was that "all just men" should be willing to face jail to protest an unjust war. We should now cast our "whole vote, not a strip of paper merely."

Daniel W. Crofts
Yale University

The Antitrust Laws

Sirs:

Reading Alexander M. Bickel on Turner (May 20), one would never guess that antitrust policy in the United States is determined by its Supreme Court. The views of Mr. Justice Brandeis about our antitrust laws are dismissed by Bickel as aberrant and those of the other Supreme Court Justices who have shaped these laws are not even mentioned. If Bickel had given these Justices a course in antitrust, he would have flunked them all.

The Justices would be surprised to learn from Bickel that the antitrust laws are not instruments of social policy. Every one of them who has interpreted these laws in a manner which has let the Government prevail in significant cases has seen that antitrust enforcement has political goals to which most economists are indifferent. That is why the Bickel approach to antitrust is embraced by every law firm that defends antitrust suits. Complex economic analysis is a winning technique for antitrust defendants and a loser for plaintiffs. Simple rules as to what is good or bad for commercial competition may win for the government in Court but can seldom satisfy professional economists.

As a top-notch economist, as well as lawyer, Turner has never been satisfied with the Supreme Court's articulation of antitrust policy. Its antitrust opinions do not present a coherent economic doctrine and Turner can spell out a rational dissatisfaction with this state of affairs better than Bickel can. The nature of our judicial processes is such that judge-made antitrust laws never will provide the kind of economic rationalization that sustains most professional economists.

If he took the trouble to examine the antitrust opinions of John Marshall, Harlan Stone, Cardozo, Black, Douglas, Warren, Brennan, and Byron White, together with the trial records which produced them, Bickel would observe in these decisions the Brandeis point of view that Bickel says is irrelevant. These are the decisions that support aggressive antitrust enforcement. Some of us, at least, who specialize in antitrust, regard these decisions as sound and none of us would have the courage to write about antitrust policy without considering them.

Bickel, however, tries to show us how sound are Turner's decisions not to bring suit against two recent very large mergers, without referring to any authority but Turner. His defense of Turner's clearance of the Pure Oil-Union Oil merger closely approximates the Art Buchwald parody that Mr. Justice Douglas found pertinent enough to attach to one of his merger opinions last term, as an appendix. Buchwald told how the merger of the last two surviving corporations in the United States was approved by the Justice Department because one sold its products east of the Mississippi and the other sold west. Bickel would have Turner agreeing with this analysis.

The Consolidated Coal-Continental Oil merger was O.K., Bickel also tells us, because Turner concluded that the competition between natural gas and coal is not very significant. As the congressional testimony quoted by Bickel makes clear, Turner has no desire "to play God," but Bickel has thrust the role upon him. Most lawyers would regard the views of the Supreme Court on these matters as more im-

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portant than Turner's. By exercising his prosecutor's discretion in a manner that prevented the Court from expressing its views, Turner effectively substituted his own quite different views for those of the Court as the determining factor. This kind of decision is more God-like in its impact than bringing a borderline case and letting the Courts dispose of it. It is accurately described as soft antitrust enforcement, no matter how thoughtful and appealing it may seem to Turner's fellow professors.

Perhaps all that needs to be said in criticism of Bickel's view of the antitrust laws is his comment that Turner's appointment was one of the best made by the Johnson Administration, because he is a distinguished scholar in the antitrust field. Enforcing a law that depends on effective judicial action for success requires a good deal more than scholarship. It takes a practical knowledge of how and why Courts are moved to do what they do and a conviction that the antitrust laws are meant to prevent concentration of economic power that threatens political freedom. There is little evidence, so far, that the Johnson Administration is aware of any such threat or wants to use the antitrust laws to deal with it.

A perfectly sound case may be made before Congress for abandoning judicial antitrust enforcement as a social goal. But no case can be made for an administrative abandonment on the ground that the prosecutor knows better than the Supreme Court what the antitrust laws are intended to accomplish.

Robert L. Wright
Washington, D.C.

In reply:

Mr. Wright, who left a high post in the Justice Department's Antitrust Division not too long ago, takes a position on the function and the proper administration of the antitrust laws which is rather the opposite of the one I was defending. I do wish he had stated and supported his own position. Instead he merely holds in his hand and waves about an assortment of judicial opinions, which he feels confident I have not read. But even if it were true – in some unalterable, Olympian fashion – that "antitrust policy in the United States is determined by its Supreme Court," one may remain free to consider, more or less discretely, what a good antitrust policy administered by courts and officials might be. That is what I tried to do. But, of course, Congress should determine antitrust policy, and has done so. And Mr. Turner, not the Supreme Court, is charged with deciding whether or not to sue. Now whenever Congress takes Art Buchwald to heart as much as Justice Douglas and Mr. Wright have done, Congress may give us a new anti-merger law. Some of us professors who, as Mr. Wright suggests, have never met a payroll, join in the hope that Congress might be moved to consider the problem.

Alexander M. Bickel
New Haven, Conn.

Supporting the Poor

Sirs:

James Tobin's article of June 3 on conquering poverty by 1976 parallels in program and priorities my booklength poverty studies of 1962 and 1964. His statement that I "did not do the cause of income guarantees a service by underestimating their cost in a recent article" (March 18) neither describes nor evaluates my position.

Dr. Tobin first arrives at an $11 billion yearly cost for his guaranteed income proposal by accepting my earlier estimate that this amount would lift the more than 30 million poor out of the poverty cellar. He then increases this cost to $20-30 billion a year by proposing large additional subsidy payments, even to those far above poverty, to avoid disincentives to earned income by "taxing" only a portion of earned income in fixing the size of guaranteed income payments. Under Dr. Tobin's 50 percent tax plan, a family headed by a woman who cannot earn any income would receive a $3,000 payment, bringing income up to $3,000; but if the woman earned $5,000, the family would receive a $500 payment, bringing income up to $5,500. Under a 33⅓ percent tax which Dr. Tobin says would be still better, if the woman earned $7,500, the family would receive a $500 payment, bringing income up to $8,000. Such incongruities in subsidized-income

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objectives would provoke insuperable problems of administration, popular misunderstanding and resistance.

My proposal starts not with a guaranteed income plan for *all* of the current poor, but rather with a program of guaranteed full employment and optimum economic growth, which Dr. Tobin himself says are the two main weapons in a war against poverty. Coupled with wages above a poverty-generating level for those employed, this in itself would reduce the number of poor from more than 30 million to about 12 million. This would be more productive for the country, more beneficial to the individual, more in accord with vast planned expansion of output in the neglected public sector, and more politically and psychologically acceptable, than starting with the assumption that *all* of the current poor may need guaranteed income payments.

My estimate is that only about $6-billion a year would be required to lift the residual 12 million out of the poverty cellar. And all studies indicate that 90 percent or more of this residual 12 million would not fall into categories for whom the earned-income concept is very meaningful. Instead of pouring out billions of additional dollars to deal with a gravely magnified problem of earned-income incentives, we should direct these additional billions toward housing, education, health services, and other essential elements in a full-scale war against poverty. We have not *limitless* billions of dollars to spend against poverty; a many-faceted effort is vital; and Dr. Tobin's proposal to spend $20-30 billion a year for guaranteed income payments *alone* does a disservice by gross exaggeration.

Leon H. Keyserling
Washington, D.C.

A Modest Role

Sirs:

The *New Republic's* lead editorial, "The Sinister Hand" (April 29), undertook the admirable task of debunking the HUAC Report on "Communist Origin and Manipulation of Vietnam Week" (April 8-15). Unfortunately, however, the editors became so intent on proving their anti-communism, that the editorial levels its main assault against communists and other radicals in the peace movement. The editors say virtually nothing about the nature of HUAC, why it issues its report two weeks before the Mobilization, or the danger to political liberty which the Report represents.

The main thrust of the editorial is to assert the irrelevance of communists to the peace movement, and to suggest that HUAC has illusions of "Red Power." The editors will forgive this communist if she offers a more moderate and accurate estimate – namely that communists are quite relevant to the peace movement, and play a modest role in it.

The Chicago Student Conference, December 28-29, 1966, brought together 257 people from 49 universities and colleges. There was representation from 34 organizations including SNCC, SDS, the DuBois Club, YSA, NSA, SCLC, Chicago West Side Christian Parish, the Communist Party. The Conference decided to call for Vietnam Week April 8-15. The editors apparently feel it is of major consequence that my proposal for a nationwide student strike for peace was not adopted by the conference. I must confess that I did not feel that adoption of all aspects of that proposal was a pivotal decision in American history. The pivotal decision was the one made by the conference – a decision to unite with all sections of the movement to demonstrate on April 15 that there was massive opposition to the war. The Conference also agreed that the Stu-

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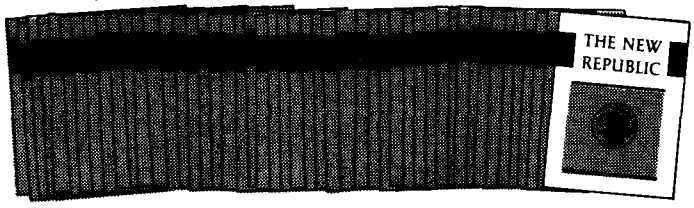

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dent Mobilization would plan for local campus activity during the week preceding the 15th.

The Student Mobilization Committee helped to organize tens of thousands of people from the academic community who joined the demonstrations in San Francisco and New York. The Committee helped to strengthen existing anti-war committees, and it built new anti-war committees on scores of unorganized campuses. Vietnam Week was endorsed by many different student groups including SDS, the Mid-Atlantic States Council YMCA, the Executive Committee of the Greater NY State Christian Student Movement, local sororities and fraternities, student body presidents and many professors.

Half a million people joined the April 15 mobilization making it the largest political demonstration in the history of the United States. Credit for that achievement goes to the thousands of people, in scores of organizations (including the Communist Party) in dozens of cities, who worked together, united in common effort to end the slaughter in Vietnam.

At a time when the Johnson Administration escalates the war, and levels assaults against the peace movement as "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," as "prolonging the war," and as being "tantamount to treason," it is suggested that such respected journals as *The New Republic*, would better serve the cause of peace, and better preserve the right to dissent by saluting the efforts of the peace movement, and condemning utterly those who prolong the war, and seek to silence the opposition.

Bettina Aptheker
Berkeley, California

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Moss *is a poet whose book* The Wrong Angel *was published last spring by Macmillan.* Thomas S. Szasz *is Director of the Department of Psychiatry at the State University of New York in Syracuse.* Peter Viereck *is author of* New and Selected Poems *which will be published this summer by Bobbs-Merrill.* Stanley Karnow *is the Far East correspondent of* The Washington Post.

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

hints, what your readers can do next summer when they are where you are.

For me, this collection divides sharply in two: the material written before he became famous and the material written later. The former not only displays his sources but it also certifies the courage of the break he made in his life. With a wife and a small child to support (it would have been courageous enough without them), he turned his back on an increasingly successful newspaper career to forge himself into a serious writer. This action, especially in view of the radical change in style that he was advancing (not originating), is for me much more heroic than all the subsequent lion-plugging and marlin-tugging, which is easier.

The post-1933 journalism is, for the most part, sad, both in its lack of weight and its weightier revelation. Most of the Cuban and Key West writings, in which he unattractively builds the unattractive Papa character, are the empty motions of a writer who wants to keep busy to keep his eyes off the vacancies inside him. (I suppose he also needed the money.) The Spanish war – to put it bluntly – rescued him temporarily, but soon again he sank into sports writing and that most facile species of Beautiful Prose: nature writing. All one needs for this work are adjectives of color and a basic conviction that man is especially corrupt when compared with trout and elk.

As many have noted, Hemingway thrived on wars; but the Second World War arrived too late. The novel that came out of it, *Across the River and into the Trees*, is, even to partisans, his least defensible work. His journalism of that war is his nadir as correspondent:

> "You love a lot of things if you live around them, but there isn't any woman and there isn't any horse that is as lovely as a great airplane, and men who love them are faithful to them even though they leave them for others. A man has only one virginity to lose in fighters, and if it is a lovely plane he loses it to, there his heart will ever be. And a P-51 can do something to a man's heart."

Wartime can do something to a man's head, but even so, it is hard to reconcile such writing with the author of "The Three-Day Blow."

Let us draw a veil – a transparent one, to be sure – over his latter-day affection for such American ornaments as Leonard Lyons and Walter Winchell.

The prime effect of this collection – both parts, before and after the Papa figure – is to confirm for me the value of his posthumous book *A Moveable Feast*. Some have attacked this book as the work of a mean-spirited man. It is certainly the work of a man with meanness in his spirit. To me, who have just reread much of it (I wrote about it in this journal May 9, 1964), it now seems more moving than before. The journalism of the early 20's, with its combined feelings of power and insouciance, underscores the daring of the plunge he took from that platform of security; and the later journalism, most of it, emphasizes the gap between the young man and the old – and it is the consciousness of that gap that generates the pathos of *A Moveable Feast*. His last book shows us that he knew what had happened; much of this collection shows it happening. Read in conjunction, these two books illuminate an artistic tragedy.

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